

NEW YORK MIRROR

A REFLEX OF THE DRAMATIC EVENTS OF THE WEEK.

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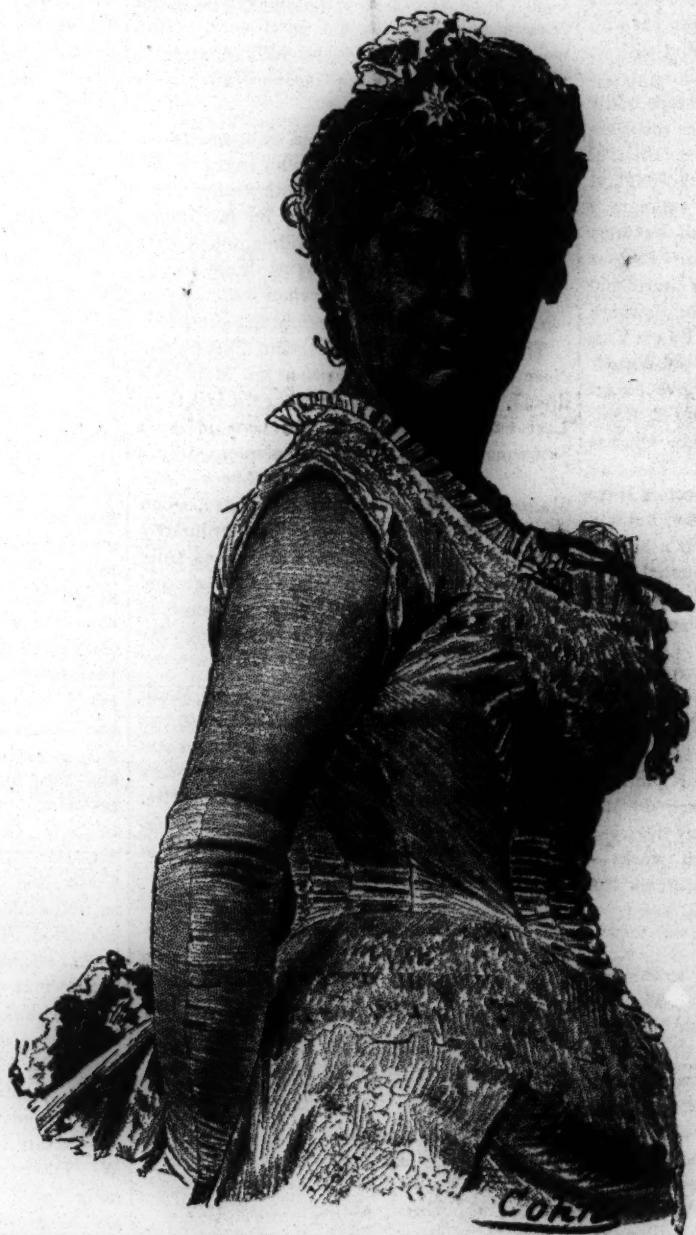
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At the Theatres.



There has not been presented lately a romantic melodrama better deserving the reward of popular favor than *Nordeck*, which was played for the first time in this city on Monday evening at the Union Square Theatre. A good-sized audience, largely composed of the professional and critical elements, witnessed the representation with evidences of hearty enjoyment. Interest did not flag for an instant, although the play is divided into five acts and consumes over three hours in representation. Messrs. Mayo and Wilson, the authors, were called before the curtain and the former was compelled to make a brief speech—in which he expressed his thanks for the cordial reception extended to their joint effort. The curtain had to be raised—once several times—after every act.

The piece is founded on Werner's novel of "Vineta," and the scene is laid in the ancient kingdom of Poland in the troublous and sedition period one hundred years ago, before the country lost its liberty, was reconstituted and fell into the hands of Russia. The story concerns the family of the Princess Zulieski, a Polish noblewoman engaged in hatching a conspiracy to overthrow the German protectorate. The Princess has two sons, one Waldemar Nordeck, the child of her first husband, the other Prince Leo, the issue of her second marriage. Leo is her idol; on him is lavished all her affection. Waldemar she hates because he is the link that connects her with a plebeian alliance which she detested. He has been reared by Witold, his uncle, a sturdy, outspoken man who has engrafted his bluntness upon the boy and allowed him to have his own wilful way. The mother wishing to procure estates and treasure that are his, sends for him. He comes to her and falls in love with her niece, the Countess Wanda, who, unknown to him, is affianced to his half-brother. The girl subjugates the wild nature of Waldemar completely, but when he learns that she is Leo's promised wife, he revolts and scornfully leaves the Countess and her sweetheart, to go to a university where he will acquire the accomplishments that distinguish his fortunate relative and rival. Some years elapse. The young hero returns from his studies a polished gentleman. He comes in time to prevent an uprising of the people which the Princess had planned. Then follow quickly upon one another a series of exciting adventures. Waldemar's life is attempted by a forerunner, whom he afterward learns was the murderer of his father. Leo, mistaken for his brother, is killed while engaged in treacherously conspiring to dispatch Waldemar. The scales fall from the Princess' eyes; she realizes the truth and bravery of the son she has neglected and hated. Maternal affection is given birth and happiness results. Wanda, who has loved Waldemar throughout, becomes his bride, while the enemies that have endeavored to procure his death are confounded.

We have given merely a sketch of the plot. To describe fully a story that abounds with devious complications and exciting situations would consume more space than we have at our command. The finales of the second, third and fourth acts are dramatically effective. The elements of surprise and suspense are richly intermingled in the unwinding of the coil. Several times in the course of the play the spectators were electrified by unexpected and powerful developments. The dialogue is vigorous, florid at times, but far superior to that of any recently written melodrama. The scenes between the mother and her heroic son are written in terse, direct style, while several passages, notably the love speech of Nordeck after he has recited the poem of the fairy city Vineta to Wanda, are beautifully poetic and imaginative. There are, too, a few lines that are worthy to be called epigrammatic scattered here and there. The piece has been constructed with a view to cumulative strength, and the success of the authors in this particular is found in the unflagging interest that the observer feels from first to last. Nordeck cannot be called a great play, because it does not belong to the order of composition which permits of greatness. But it deals very cleverly and very effectively with a succession of turgid and theatrical incidents and clothes them in a dress of probability. There is, too, a more ambitious attempt at character building than is common in melodramatic works. Some of the dramatic personae are drawn boldly—all of them possess a distinct color, which gives the actors opportunities for displaying their mettle. The emotional complexion of the story is thrust into the most prominence for artistic purposes. It should have been used merely as a distant

background. An audience of to-day cannot muster up much sympathy with the feuds and ambitions of the Zulieskis and other skis that clouded Prussian Poland a century ago.

The cast was distributed among as able a corps of players as we have latterly seen in support of a star. Mr. Mayo enchaind attention when as Nordeck he held possession of the stage. He presented a splendidly dramatic picture of the hero; the headstrong, wild and breezy nature of the man in the earlier acts being finely contrasted with his self mastery and repose on returning from the university. The performance has the charm of spontaneity. Mr. Mayo adopts the truest art in concealing the methods whereby his strongest effects are produced. Whether as the disdainful cub just loosed among the refined surroundings of his noble mother, as the wooer of Wanda, or the man of expedients, crushing out pillage and sedition, he always filled the eye and fed the imagination of his audience. For his brilliant efforts at the close of the second and third acts, he met the reward of much enthusiastic applause.

Next in point of interest to the star came Kathryn Kidder, a young girl of sixteen, who made her first public appearance not quite two months ago. She was quite a revelation in the character of Wanda. Tall, willowy and soulful-faced, she reminded us immediately of Mary Anderson at the beginning of her stage career. But she has an absence of self-consciousness and an unbridled freedom and freshness of manner which Miss Anderson did not possess. Her sweet, ingenuous personality charmed the audience and won their favor at once. In the bits of comedy allotted her part in the first and second acts, Miss Kidder was delightfully arch and *insouciant*. Her pathos at parting from Nordeck and her noble resolve to save him from danger when he has gone out among the insurrectionists on his estates, proved the young lady to be as versatile as she is talented. There is a lack of force and resonance in her voice which weakens her delivery of declamatory passages, but with this exception we have no fault to find with an impersonation that contains astonishing traits of youthful genius. Her costumes were oddly picturesque, and they possessed the much-to-be-desired quality of suiting the unconventional style and carriage of the wearer thoroughly. We are greatly mistaken in our estimate if Miss Kidder does not carve out an enviable fame for herself upon the boards. But her young head must not be turned by praise and she should not be flattered into the delusion that she has nothing left to learn. Edwin Varrey gave a very fine performance of old Witold, whose boisterous frankness we forgave on account of his honest purposes. George C. Boniface showed how an experienced actor miscast can "get through" with his duties. The role of the simple, gentle but blundering tutor, Herr Fabian, is one of the best in the play, but it is out of Boniface's line. Fabian is a sort of Modus, and it needs to be represented by a young actor capable of investing it with a delicate blending of kindly sentiment and quaint yet quiet humor. Messrs. Phillips and Cower were acceptable in minor parts. Henrietta Vaders, a good example of the old school actress, played the Princess with all the unyielding steeliness required. Stella Teuton, a Detroit girl, acted a little comedy part prettily. Nordeck was badly put on the stage in the matter of scenery. So good a play deserves better mounting. It will run two weeks—longer if the box-office returns furnish the requisite amount of encouragement.

William E. Sheridan opened a week's engagement at the People's Theatre on Monday night, appearing in the difficult role of King Lear. Mr. Sheridan's conception of the part was highly pleasing to the audience, and the applause was generous at all the telling points. He was recalled twice after the curse scene, at the close of the other acts, and at the final curtain—all of which was well deserved, for the actor played upon the gamut of the passions and frequently rose to grandeur in utterance and action. The actor is surrounded by an excellent company—in some of its members more than excellent. For a fine all-round performance it is to be commended, and lovers of tragedy will be well repaid by a trip down the Bowery to see it. There are few weak spots in the cast.

John T. Malone, as Edgar, easily takes second place in the cast. This actor has seldom been seen to such advantage. His performance was powerful, with grace in every movement. His scenes with Gloucester were especially effective. Osmond Hosmer, a young actor with a handsome face and very good delivery, was at times a little awkward in the role of Edmund; but gave altogether a satisfactory rendering of the role. Hart Conway was an admirable Fool—a part that can be so easily buffooned or overdone. The sinuous grace of his movements about the King, the fine modulation in the delivery of his lines, the little snatches of song—these had a most pleasant effect upon the eye and ear, and evoked liberal applause. Joseph Francoeur invested Gloucester with considerable pathos. Mr. Merriam's Earl of Kent and Mr. Palmmoni's King of France and Herald were well sustained efforts. The latter has fine stage presence and a distinct and pleasing delivery.

Viola Allen was a sweetly interesting Cordelia. The touching scene with the demented father, where she pleads for recognition, earned

her a recall. The performance was full of pathos. Mrs. Leslie's Goneril was weak in voice and little better in action. The lady evidently had a proper conception of the part; but she certainly lacked strength in the climaxes. Hettv Tracy's Regan was a colorless performance; but it is a rather colorless part.

The poetic tragedy was finely put upon the stage in the way of scenery. It is to be regretted that the audience was not in size in keeping with the excellence of the performance; but it was often demonstrative in its approval. Next Monday Milton Nobles opens a special week's engagement, and East-siders will have an opportunity to see him in *Love and Law*, the comedy-drama with which he opened the season just closed.

The Knights presented their eccentricity, *Over the Garden Wall*, at Niblo's Monday night to a much larger opening audience than is usually seen at this theatre. The piece went as usual with shrieks of laughter from beginning to end. Every one in the cast was excellent. R. E. Graham came in, however, for a great deal of the applause. Marion Fleming deserves a special notice for her performance of Rosa. It is to be regretted that she has not more to do. She gives signs of becoming a clever soubrette. The piece was well mounted. Next week Ada Gray in *East Lynne*.

Notwithstanding that Victor Durand was played last week at Niblo's Garden to good-sized houses, it drew a large audience to the Grand Opera House on Monday night. The spectators were very appreciative and received every point in the play with enthusiasm. Miss Coghlan and Osmond Tearle were repeatedly called before the curtain. Messrs. Buckstone, Edwards, Lethcourt, Leeson and Henley made the most of their parts and won deserved applause. Mr. Gilbert's acting in the third act was so fine that he received a recall, which he responded to at once—spoiling the situation. Miss Russell as Mrs. Dudley and Adela Measor as Violet both did good work. Next week Mr. and Mrs. Knight will be seen in their absurdity, *Over the Garden Wall*.

The Bijou Opera House is still resorted to by large numbers of people, who enjoy the old and new features of Adonis with avidity. Mr. Dixey's performance retains its fascinating grace, spontaneity and mimic cleverness without acquiring any of that hardness that so often comes from frequent repetition.

The first season of the Lyceum Theatre will close on Saturday night, when Mr. Mackaye's drama, *Dakota*, will be acted for the last time. Last evening Kate Forsythe benefited by a performance of this play supplemented by a couple of scenes from *The Hunchback*. Mr. Mantell's benefit is set down for Friday, when the bill will be rendered more than ordinarily attractive by the performance of scenes from *Othello*, with the beneficiary as Iago and John H. Bird, the leading amateur actor of this city and Brooklyn, in the title rôle.

The run of Sealed Instructions at the Madison Square Theatre will continue at least two or three weeks longer, when the Summer engagement of John T. Raymond, previously alluded to in these columns, will begin. Mrs. Ver Planck's drama has been so successful that it will constitute the opening attraction at this theatre next Autumn.

Next week will bring the career of The Corner Grocery at Tony Pastor's Theatre to a close. On June 1 the production of Dan'l Sully's new piece, *A Capital Prize*, will take place.

The Musical Mirror.



Mr. Stetson's campaign at the Fifth Avenue Theatre closed last Saturday night, and on Monday a supplementary season, under the auspices of Messrs. Ford and Wallace, began with a representation of *Fra Diavolo* by the American Opera company, an organization formed for the purpose of performing the standard English operas. There was a large audience in attendance, and from the enthusiasm with which they greeted Auber's always charming work and the applause they bestowed upon the principal artists, it was evident that the management were not amiss in confidently expecting a successful issue for their experiment in reviving this refined class of entertainment. In several respects this popular fervor may be shared by the critical observer, although the performance did not approach other and better representations within the recollection of our lovers of light opera. In point of

general excellence it may be graded with the production of *Fra Diavolo* that took place last Summer at the Bijou Opera House. An effort was made to give the cast an even balance, and with commendable results. While, with the exception of Zelda Seguin, it does not contain the names of any artists who have achieved fame in this field of endeavor, there were introduced to us a number of new candidates for metropolitan favor, who justified the kindly reception vouchsafed them by the auditors. The chorus is not large numerically, but it is composed of people with fresh voices, and the excellent training and unity of style exhibited rendered this department a feature of the evening. The band does not generally merit notice before the chief artists have been disposed of, but on this occasion it was so execrably bad that an exception must be made. It is a wonder that with such an ill-assorted and undisciplined body of musicians the singers were able to get through their work even creditably. Mr. Kerker is a skillful conductor, and he cannot, in view of the excellence he has hitherto shown, be held responsible for the deplorable incompetency of his band. He was probably hampered by restrictions in the matter of making a liberal or adequate selection of instruments, and evidently there had been insufficient rehearsal. And yet the stupidest lot of musicians that could be found in this city ought to have been able to cope effectively with the familiar score of *Fra Diavolo*. At times from the fitful, feeble and squeaky sounds proceeding from the orchestra pit it appeared as if the band consisted only of a couple of fiddles, a horn and a double-bass.

Zerlina was sung by Alfa Norman, who on this occasion made her New York debut as an operatic artist. It is a notable coincidence that it was on this same stage a few years ago that this lady effected her first professional appearance at a matinee as Julia in *The Hunchback*. Miss Norman had received praise of a very emphatic description from musical critics in San Francisco, Philadelphia and other cities. While we are unable to give unqualified endorsement to all the encomiums to which her achievements have given rise, we are glad to find that she justifies them in some measure. The role of Zerlina is not one that possesses great opportunities, and the inexplicable cutting of some of its passages on Monday night further reduced the scope of the lady who assumed it. She met with the warm approval of the audience, and their hearty acknowledgments evinced it. Miss Norman is tall, finely formed, and has a face that is both handsome and interesting. Her manner is decidedly refined and winsome. Nervousness might or might not have accounted for the awkwardness of a good many of her actions. She evidently has a clear and intelligent conception of the histrionic requirements of the part, but she lacks ease in demonstrating it. It is difficult in any case for a woman of Miss Norman's commanding presence to adapt herself to the garments and gestures associated with an operatic soubrette. The bed-room scene she acted with great tact and delicacy, the somewhat risky business of disrobing being performed with charming and childlike innocence and a consequent absence of anything like suggestion. The lady's voice is not powerful, but it is sweet in quality, and the high notes are clean-cut and resonant. Occasionally—and more particularly in the quartette of the second act—she flatted notes in the middle register. Cultivation would doubtless remedy this fault as well as develop vocal strength and accurate execution. The promise, however, manifested by her efforts in this piece gives ground for the belief that in *Martha*, *Faust* and the other compositions that are underlined for the remaining term of the Ford and Wallace season we shall find Miss Norman to be effective. Zelda Seguin was apparently ill, but this did not prevent her from giving an artistically satisfactory rendition of *Lady Allcash*. George W. Travener sung the title-role, infusing more vigor and picturesqueness in it than we are accustomed to. His earnestness is not altogether praiseworthy, for it leads him into the error of forcing, with the natural effect of giving his voice the suspicion of cracked and husky tones. He acted very well. Thomas J. Christy, the Lorenzo, is a nervous, fidgety little tenor, who is painstaking, if not quite the physical embodiment of the martial lover. Alonzo Stoddard has the best voice among the male members of the cast. The character of Giacomo does not afford it much display, but an interpolated song, "Let All Obey," won for him several enthusiastic encores. Henry Peakes, in the comedy-role of Beppo, was amusing as well as vocally efficient, and James Peakes carried acceptably the ungrateful burden of Lord Allcash upon his experienced shoulders. The opera was mounted in a very ordinary style. *Martha* is to be sung next week.

Polly is still drawing large crowds to the Casino and the hearts of the management are correspondingly glad. The roof-garden is open and the warmth of the past two nights has made it again a popular resort. The usual concert is set down for Sunday night.

The Black Hussar, with its charming music, strong cast and beautiful processional features, is meeting with deserved success. The Summer operatic season at Wallack's Theatre, however, will depend very greatly on the tem-

perature we imagine. So long as the mercury remains in a respectably moderate position The Black Hussar will continue to charm our play-goers.

A Victory for Abbey.

A decision was handed down Tuesday morning by the Superior Court, General Term, in the case of the Metropolitan Concert Company, Limited, against Abbey and Gilmore, which has been before the Special Term several times, to the General Term three times and the Court of Appeals twice. In September, 1881, the Metropolitan Concert Company, Limited, leased to Henry E. Abbey and Edward G. Gilmore the building situated at the corner of Forty-first street and Broadway, then known as the Metropolitan Concert Hall, and subsequently at different times as the Metropolitan Casino, the Alcazar and Metropolitan Theatre. This lease was only for a period of two months, commencing Dec. 1, 1881, and the rent was \$2,500 a month. It, however, contained a provision by which the defendants were entitled to the option, to be determined before Nov. 10, of a further lease for one year at a weekly rent of \$600. Although Abbey and Gilmore remained in possession of the building until January, 1882, they denied that this option had been exercised by them, and in that month abandoned the premises, refusing to pay any rent. Several actions were thereupon commenced by the company in the Superior Court of this city to recover rent upon the theory that the option had been exercised. Their defaults in actions Nos. 1 and 2 were taken, and a motion to open the default was made by Messrs. Howe and Hummel, their former attorneys at that time, was denied and their decision subsequently affirmed by the General Term and the Court of Appeals. Prior to the result in the Court of Appeals, stipulations were entered into between the then attorneys on both sides by which, in substance, it was agreed that actions Numbers 3 and 4 should abide the result of actions Numbers 1 and 2. Immediately after the Court of Appeals decision refusing to open the defaults a substitution of attorneys was effected and ex Judge Dittenhoefer became counsel for Mr. Gilmore and George E. Rives counsel for Mr. Abbey. Upon their advice a motion was made for an order setting aside the stipulations referred to, and granting the defendants leave to serve amended answers, setting up new defences, raising important questions of law which had not been presented by the former attorneys. The motion was granted, and on appeal taken by the plaintiff to the General Term and Court of Appeals the order allowing the service of the answer was sustained, and issues thus framed were, by consent of the parties, referred to Hamilton Cole as Referee, who finally decided in favor of Abbey and Gilmore and dismissed the complaint with costs. The amount involved was in the neighborhood of \$30,000 for rent during the entire period which the corporation claimed Abbey and Gilmore were, under the lease, bound to pay rent at the rate of \$600 per week. Actions Numbers 1 and 2 were for a period during which the premises were occupied; and the other actions were for rent subsequent to their abandonment.

Among other defences set up by the present counsel in the amended answer was that, inasmuch as the plaintiff corporation had been organized for the purpose of giving and providing concerts and musical entertainments in the City of New York, in furtherance of which the premises in question had been erected, it could not divest itself by means of a lease or otherwise of this property, which constituted all that was owned by the corporation, the result of which was to turn what under its charter should have been an actual existence into a mere technical legal existence. The question presented, therefore, was as to whether the corporation had power to make the lease.

The company contended before the referee that the judgments in actions Nos. 1 and 2, the inequities in which the Court had refused to set aside, was res adjudicata as to all questions that could be raised in any action brought upon the lease in question. The counsel for Abbey and Gilmore insisted that as actions Nos. 1 and 2 had been brought for rent during a period during which the defendants had actually occupied the premises, the defence in the other actions would not have been available therein if they had been pleaded. The referee so held and in a well-considered opinion sustained the contention of counsel for Abbey and Gilmore that the lease was ultra vires of the company in that, by leasing their premises, the company retained merely its name and charter, and rendered itself unable to carry out the purposes for which the charter had been granted, and that under the laws of 1875 the company should have sold and conveyed the premises. That law provided that corporations of this character could only hold such real estate as shall be necessary for the transaction of their business and when not required for the uses thereof must sell and convey the same. The company's counsel argued that the power to sell and convey included the power to lease; but the referee stated that to hold that property could be leased by the company when not needed for the transaction of its own business would be to permit the very thing that the statute was designed to prevent, which was that when a corporation ceased to require property it should not hold it for mere speculative purposes, but should sell and dispose of the same, their right to enjoy it being limited to the purpose for which they had secured the charter from the State.

The company not being satisfied with the decision, appealed to the General Term, which, after elaborate argument by ex Judge Dittenhoefer for Mr. Gilmore, George L. Rives for Mr. Abbey and John S. Davenport for the company, affirmed the decision of the referee upon the grounds stated by him. Justice O'Gorman wrote the opinion of the General Term, which is concurred in by Judge Truax.

It is doing a kindly service to our professional readers in calling their attention to a neat and cheap issue of Keats' poems in Lovell's Library. Besides the noble and well-known poems of the great sensuous bard, a couple of dramatic pieces are included, which shows the young poet in an entirely novel light. It behooves the actor to read as many as he can of the works of the stamp of Keats—eloquent in language and fertile of fancy—by way of enriching his mind and contributing the emotion so necessary to all good performers.

The Giddy Gusher.



"And I app'nt you the gift of findin' things," finished a remarkably witch-like-looking darkey woman who told fortunes in a patch of woods in Saratoga. She not only forced the future to disgorge its secrets, but she conferred gifts on her patrons. I took four shillings' worth of prophecy from the old lady, and in a burst of generosity she bestowed the "gift of findin' things" upon me. I believe the darkeys at the Springs were her confederates, for my track in life was just salted the while I stayed there. I found a riding-whip and a jack-knife on the road home from the witches' camp. Perhaps I didn't deserve my luck. At all events it deserted me as soon as I left Saratoga, and the gift of finding things is no more a possession of mine.

But it certainly has fallen on Mr. Reilly, the cabman, who finds Vanderbilt's diamonds in trunk loads and old Skinfint's bonds in bundles. I am prepared to learn that Reilly has found honesty in Wall street, and fun in a comic paper; for he certainly has the gift. "Virtue," we are told by the copybooks, "is its own reward." It's possible for my cabman to think it is when he finds \$9,000, just as good to him as the man who didn't know he had lost it, and gets a twenty-dollar bill for returning it.

There's a great difference in the way a nice Christian man and a wicked sporting sort of man look at the same thing. Mr. Phinney, a great revival minister, closed a refreshing season of prayer and prey in the town of New Haven once, with a collection afternoon and evening. He received what is figuratively known as a purse, which, in this case, was an envelope containing \$1,500, and loaded with the collection and donation he started from the meeting-house for the Tontine Hotel. Under one of the spreading elms of the famous park that decorates the very heart of that pretty city, Phinney dumped his load. It was never known under what circumstances, but at 5:30 next morning a poor laborer going to his toil picked up the envelope fat with fifty-dollar bills, and the bag in which the collection was stuffed. Not a soul saw him pick that money up, but the honesty of that man's nature had not been blunted by education and theology. He returned to the street after he had read the name and address of the celebrated revivalist upon the envelope. He went direct to the Tontine and insisted upon seeing the exhorter. The long, lanky, lantern-jawed preacher got his \$1,500 back in his night gown, and the generous emotions born of a successful revival season and a sweet night's rest—communing with the angels in dreams—so moved that old man that, seeking his trousers pocket, thankfully clasping his recovered treasure in his left hand, he handed with his right a twenty-five-cent piece to the poor workingman who had restored his ducats.

A Connecticut Yankee is not apt to be rash with his stamps, but the nutmeg-flavored clerk of the hotel who escorted the laborer to the great minister's room was indignant at the insignificant sum and ventured to say: "This is a very worthy man, Mr. Phinney, and he has a large family; they are very poor; he has done you a great service; seems to me—that—"

"I don't feel justified in giving any more," said the old leather-lungs; "the rest of this money belongs to the Lord."

I'll bet the Lord, if he was noticing Connecticut just then, had one good laugh at Phinney's expense.

Now big, broken-nosed John Morrissey, gambler and prize-fighter, slept at the Delavan House one night and chucked a roll of bills under his pillow. In the morning he rose, breakfasted, and hurried away on an early train for New York. Some miles from Albany he missed his boodle, telegraphed to the hotel, and started back to the Delavan by the next car.

Long before he reached there a chambermaid had hastily pulled the clothes from the bed, sent the money flying all over the room, picked up the scattered thousands, and with them in her apron, and excitement on her face, she flew for the office, and delivered her find into the hotel proprietor's hand. It was carefully counted, put in the safe, and Bridget was complimented on her luck.

"You're good for a twenty-dollar bill when Morrissey gets here," said the clerk to the woman.

Presently John came in, got every dollar of his money, and asked:

"Who found it?"

"The chambermaid who went to fix the room," answered the landlord.

"Let's see her," said John, and he pulled a hundred-dollar bill out of pile. So Bridget came, a sad, worn-looking woman, whose hair was quite white. The renowned pugilist looked her over, and, carefully wrapping the hundred-dollar bill about the roll he held in his hand, said: "Oh, I thought it was a young girl that found it. I was going to give you the price of a few clothes, but you haven't got so much time before you, mother, to be making beds and finding things. This'll help make yours lie easier," and he pulled a five-hundred-dollar bill out of the bundle and passed it to the overjoyed woman, tucked the rest in his capacious pocket, and walked away unconscious of his generosity.

And I'll make another bet—that if the Lord was looking into the affairs of Albany that morning he smiled as he hadn't since he witnessed Brother Phinney administering his estate in homeopathic doses. Dear old John! I as fully expect, when I climb the golden stairs, to see him leaning up against the gates of Paradise as he used to on the Hoffman House fence, as I expect to see Phinney, with a blue-cotton umbrella, whining round St. Peter, trying to get in for twenty-five cents. On one of the Coney Island boats, a couple of years ago, the son of a well-dressed man managed to get over the railings, and just off the Brooklyn dock he tumbled into the water. Over went a deck-hand, and after a very exciting and difficult operation, man and boy were hauled dripping on board. The agonized father received his damp offspring with outcries of thanksgiving. He fell on his knees and returned thanks to Heaven, and the men passengers took off their hats and the women cried in their pocket-handkerchiefs. The grateful parent rose, dusted off his trousers, took out a little steel purse, and gave the dripping hero, who had modestly stepped aside, a big, new half-dollar.

Great Neptune! there was not a soul on board that did not feel five or ten dollars' worth of gratitude to that sturdy, fine fellow we had seen battling in the water under the wheels of a dozen crowding ferry-boats.

Some one said: "What a shame—it's an insult," and every one made a little groan of disgust. "Oh, no," said the life-saver, cheerfully, as he took the fifty cents; "it's the gentleman's own child—it's probably all he's worth."

I think that man would have liked to have got off that boat—anywhere, forward or aft—amid the laugh that greeted this remark; but a lady on board cried out: "It may be all the boy is worth; if he's a chip of the old block it probably is more; but as an exhibition of manly courage I propose to find out how much it's worth to the rest of the passengers," and taking a hat she got \$50 in less than twenty minutes. Then giving it to the bold deck-hand, she advised him to buy a dress suit the minute he got ashore, as he came nearer to being a swallow-tailed gentleman than any man she'd seen in an age.

Generosity is a quality blessed above all others. It not only benefits those to whom it is shown, but it is as infectious as the measles. Liberality, I believe, can be contracted by contact. I know I never see a generous deed performed but my heart swells like a dried apple in water, and my clothes don't seem to fit me, and thus a warm, champagne let-me-go-give-somebody-something feeling comes over me that is strange and pleasant, and always results in my buying a bottle of hair-dye for some baldheaded beggar, or giving some blind man a picture-book. I may not accomplish much good, but I experience a deal of happiness in the attempt.

I like to see poor people well rewarded for honesty. They deserve to be, for it's about as hard work to be honest as it is to saw wood. For the great majority it's impossible, and I thank my stars the "gift of findin' things," conferred on me by the fortune-teller, has been withdrawn. If only the gods would withdraw the "gift of findin' things" out life would be much sweeter.

A pair of blinders is more necessary to a woman's welfare than to a horse's. My friend, Miss Marryat, is advocating the practice of sitting on the men as a means of making the situation softer. The stern realities of life have few mitigating circumstances, and I can't see how sitting on the men is going to be much comfort. The men are a hard lot.

I think I should prefer sitting on a rail fence myself; but then Miss Marryat knows—she's tried it.

I never did. I know a lady who leads her old man a devil of a life, and it's a hardship to be round see it. I ventured to remonstrate with her the other day and ask her how she could be bouncing him all the time.

"Why, bless your simple soul," said she, "if I didn't be giving it to him he'd be letting me have it all the time. Either husband or wife has got to be sat on, and I prefer to be the sitter, not the sattee."

If this harsh treatment is the only one the disease succumbs to, it's too heroic treatment for me to try. I won't sit on anybody. I won't be sat upon; but I'll pick out the softest spot, just sit on one side and see the show go on, and perhaps no one will have a better time of it than you.

GIDDY GUSHER.

Professional Doings.

—Den Thompson has closed his season.

—Ristori and her family have returned to Europe.

—Emma Hanley has retired from the cast of Polly.

—Ivan Peronet goes with Margaret Mather next season.

—Aurora, Ill., is to have a new \$50,000 Opera House.

—C. P. Flockton goes with Bartley Campbell for Paqueta.

—Katherine Lingard has been engaged to support Salvini.

—DeGrimm is drawing the designs for costumes for Nanon.

—Albina de Mer has purchased a play from Horace McVicker.

—Frank Goodwin is resting at his country-place at Riverdale.

—Leonora Bradley has received an offer from W. J. Florence.

—Rachel Booth will go with the Tin Soldier company next season.

—The late Callender's are now known as Henderson's Minstrels.

—Maurice Grau sailed for Europe on Saturday to remain a month or so.

—The Boston Ideals are undergoing a lingering farewell long drawn out.

—Murry Woods will spend the Summer in New York engaged in art-work.

—H. G. Mallon has been engaged to take charge of the Casino roof-garden.

—Leon and Cushman have gone on the road at the head of a variety company.

—In John T. Raymond's new play all the parts are eccentric—nothing straight.

—Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mapleson (Mme. Cavallazzi) sailed for Europe on Saturday.

—Genee Holtzmeier (Mrs. Sydney Rosenfeld) is very ill at her residence in the city.

—W. S. Daboll now sings Cleary's parody, "It's Irish, ye know," in Are You Insured?

—Alice Brown does not go with Lotta next season. She has not signed any engagement yet.

—Carl Herman will remain at the Standard Theatre next season as manager for J. C. Duff.

—Lisetta Ellani and Harry Mack arrived from the West Indies on Saturday by the Abo.

—Olga Brandon is to be a member of John T. Raymond's company at the Madison Square.

—About Sept. 1 the Milan Opera company, reorganized, will open at the Columbia Theatre, Chicago.

—Frank Mayo, as Nordeck, is the latest statuette from the studio of D. B. Sheehan, the sculptor.

—Saints and Sinners will follow Sealed Instructions at the Madison Square Theatre—probably.

—E. J. Buckley will go to California after the run of Around the World in Eighty Days at Niblo's.

—James O'Neill's Monte Cristo company closes season at Fall River, Mass., on Saturday night.

—William Harcourt will do leading heavies with the Jack-Firman company during the Summer.

—J. B. Polk, in Mixed Pickles, will close the season at Heuck's Opera House, Cincinnati, on May 30.

—Maude Stuart has been engaged for the stock company at the Fourteenth Street Theatre next season.

—Blanche Moulton, who has been resting during the present season, has signed with Annie Purley for 1895-6.

—H. Ryley is putting the finishing touches to a new boat which he has been building at New Rochelle.

—Cyril Searle will produce a new play, Twice Wooded; or, The Wall Street Guardian, at Montreal on June 1.

—Netta Guion, of the Union Square company, has returned to the city. She has not signed for next season.

—One of the half dozen prominent circuses has already given a chattel mortgage of \$20,000 to its printing company.

—J. H. Staats has resigned the management of the Hodge Opera House at Lockport, N. Y. Mr. Hodge succeeds him.

—Walden Ramsay has finished a play upon which he has spent much time. He expects to see it produced next season.

—Julian Magnius sails for England on Saturday the *Adriatic*. He will spend the Summer visiting among friends.

—W. H. Daly, late of McCaul's Opera company, is gone to his home in Philadelphia for the Summer vacation.

—Walter Hampshire has been so successful in English opera at Baltimore that he has several offers for next season.

—George Morton has arranged with Dan'l Shelby to play a week of His Sin at the latter's Academy of Music, Chicago.

—Richard Fitzgerald says he did not intend any reflection upon Manager Collier's judgment in his interview last week.

—Berger's Galley Slave company closes season in Chicago on May 30. F. G. Berger will manage Sol Smith Russell next season.

—George Holland, late of the Madison Square management, is assisting George Hills in attending to C. W. Durant's interests.

—S. Henry Pincus has been transferred from the Madison Square company in New Orleans to the Wallack travelling company.

—George K. Fortescue is studying Amelia Somerville's part in Adonis, as the latter has had another difference with the management.

—Eugene McDowell writes of his success with The Private Secretary in Canada. He says he has had crowded houses everywhere.

—Frank and Emma Hewitt, solo cornetists, arrived from Australia last week, and have been engaged for the Summer at Coney Island.

—Lizzie St. Quinten is singing in comic opera at Seneca Falls, N. Y., this week. She opens at Cleveland for two weeks next Monday.

—By the courtesy of the Messrs. Aronson, the St. George's Glee Club gave several selections to a party of invited guests in the Casino foyer yesterday afternoon. A glee and ballad concert by this organization is to take place this (Thursday) evening at Chickering Hall.

—Manager Hayman will produce Bartley Campbell's play, Paqueta, in San Francisco at the same time the author presents it in New York.

—The Oriental Theatre in the Bowery has been visited by many professionals lately to hear the Hebrew comic opera which is running there.

—Gertrude Endicott, who has recently been playing Bess Marks with a Lights o' London company, has been engaged for the Two Johns' company.

—Al Hayman arrived from San Francisco on Friday, and is spending much time in the company of his brothers, Harry Mann and Dave Hayman.

—Gyp, not Chip, is the title of A. Z. Chipman's play for Ida Mülle. It was changed so as not to confound with Lizzie Evans' play of the second name.

—Amelia Watts, who has been Baker and Farron's leading lady for the past two seasons, closed with them last Saturday in Salamanca and has returned to town.

—C. M. Pike, in conjunction with Manager Shaw, of Detroit, has leased the Princess Rink in that city for the Summer, and will give an eight weeks' season of opera.

—Managers Barton and Donnelly returned from Virginia on Monday, having cut their intended holiday short. Both are the better in health for their trip, however.

—After closing a fairly successful Mountain Pink season, mostly made up of one-night stands, Manager Gregg and his wife, Bella Moore, will Summer in Cincinnati.

—After thirty-six weeks of varying success, the Davene-Austin Allied Attractions returned to the city last Saturday with a small amount on the right side of the balance-sheet.

—George H. Wood is on his way from England, having been successful there professionally. He will hereafter confine himself to white-face comedy, eschewing burnt cork.

—Maurice Barrymore has given Edward Cleary the right to produce Nadjerda here next season; but the latter finds it difficult to name a star who will suit the author's idea.

—Flora Moore's Bunch of Keys season will close at Shandandah, Pa., on Saturday night—a week earlier than intended. Miss Moore will spend the Summer, as usual, at Asbury Park.

—W. F. Falk will go to England in two or three weeks, and return with the Hamilton Diorama, "Around the World," which has been exhibiting for the past ten or twelve years in England.

—Alice Deering, an American lady, is touring England with Ada Gray's version of East Lynne, which is acknowledged to be the best. Richard III. and Romeo are also features of her repertoire.

—Charles Coote is part author of Alone in London. He was the original of the Cure's part in The Private Secretary in England before Peasey, Beerbohm-Tree or Thornton essayed the rôle.

—John A. Elsler has engaged Robert Grau to provide an English opera company for three weeks, opening June 22, at the Exposition Park, Pittsburgh. Forty people begin rehearsals next Monday.

—A soirée musicale was given by Madame Rosa d'Erlin-Vontom at her residence in Thirty-seventh street on Monday evening. The lady was assisted by Bessie Byrne, Marshall P. Wilder and others.

—The forthcoming revival of Willis' Olivia by Henry Irving and Ellen Terry at the London Lyceum should make that charming play marketable in this country. The rights are owned by Fanny Davenport.

—Manager Buck, of Lansing, Mich., has had a fine season. The Michigan legislators have been especially well served with musical and dramatic treats. Mr. Buck will shortly visit New York to book attractions.

—W. A. Thompson writes that he will produce the new opera, Manette, at St. Louis on Monday next. A request to do so came from the Mayor and leading citizens, as the authors are residents of the Mound City.

—Alfred Thompson is using extra efforts to provide Margaret Mather's productions at the Union Square with magnificent scenery and costumes. He is now at work upon the dresses for J. M. Hill's play, A Moral Crime.

—Janet Edmondson will produce a new opera, The Odd Trick, at Boston shortly. J. S. Greensfelder, W. H. Fessenden, Percy Cooper, Gus Kammerie, Arthur Wilkinson and Marie Dudley have been engaged.

—George C. Miln's company next season will consist of twenty-six people. He intends challenging the popularity of the present tragic stars. H. A. D'Arcy, who has several other offers, will in all probability go ahead of him.

—Nelson Wheatcroft has been engaged for Rose Coghlan's company in Our Joan, which appears at the Grand Opera House week of June 1. He will probably cancel his engagement with Bartley Campbell for next season.

—David Belasco returned to the city from New Orleans on Saturday. He has been rehearsing the Wallack and Madison Square companies there. He will now take charge of Gustave Frohman's Lyceum School company.

—Maubury and Overton's company arrived from San Francisco on Monday afternoon. Marie Prescott and the two managers remained behind to appear in the first production of A Ring of Iron, which will take place in two weeks.

—Edward Marble has nearly completed the new play he is writing for Fred. Bryton. The latter is supplying some ideas and part of the dialogue. The star part is based upon Mr. Bryton's creation in Gabriel Conroy.

—Willis Ross returned to town on Monday. The Stafford-Foster company was out thirty-six weeks—the longest season Mr. Stafford has yet played. But it was far from being profitable. Regular prices were adhered to all through.

—Owing to a cold, John T. McWade is temporarily out of the cast of Polly. His part of the Coldard is being satisfactorily acted and sung by E. H. Aiken, who played the Corporal, and was earlier the Styx in Orpheus and Eurydice.

—Joseph Levy will arrive in this city next Sunday, after closing his season of forty-two weeks with Lawrence Barrett. Of the eight weeks time that Mr. Barrett held at the Star Theatre he has given four to his friend Coquelin to effect a New York appearance. The rest of the term Mr. Barrett reserves for himself.

—Manager Fleischman is awaiting a reply from J. S. Clarke to an offer to produce Philadelphia next season at the Theatre.

—The long lane of C. B. Bishop's company has had a turning. Strictly business is vamped by its author, A. C. Gunter, who has a large business in San Francisco.

—Moe Brothers, fancy dancers, will arrive from England in a few days. They will be connected with Sanger's Skating Rink. This was once the Moe and Goodrich team.

—Frank Williams will open his Linden Hotel and Park at Cornwell, N. Y., early in June. It is favorably located for a professional resort, and offers many advantages to those seeking a quiet Summer retreat.

—Owing to illness, Jennie Reeves has left the Adonis company and gone home to Baltimore. Her part is being played by Billie Barlow. Next Monday Miss Barlow will play Lilly Grubb's part, as the latter has been ordered by her physician to take a long rest.

—Lizzie Evans is this week playing her third engagement in St. Louis the present season. Her tour was to have closed in Chicago next week, but it has been extended in order that she may play for Treasurer Shannon's benefit at the Cleveland Academy on June 4, 5 and 6.

—The American Opera company have five weeks' time at the Fifth Avenue Theatre at their disposal, which they will fill if the receipts keep up to a paying point. Messrs. Ford and Wallace get the theatre rent free, as Miles and Barton, unable to get them in at the Bijou, were obliged to place them elsewhere.

—On Saturday night the revived disagreement between Kara Kendall and W. A. Maltby was patched up, the latter agreeing to go to Boston for this week. Being presented with some floral gifts on Saturday, Mr. Kendall was called upon for a speech and he briefly thanked his admirers.

—Martin de Lazare informed a Tribune reporter yesterday that Louis Maudslayi had discharged the debt due to the owners of the Bridge of Sighs company, as reported. He merely divided \$60 among them. Lazare has paid away all the money he could obtain, but avers that he intends paying to all creditors as soon as he can raise the amount.

—On Sunday night, May 31, Sydney Rosenfeld will deliver a lecture at the Bijou Opera House, the title being "Stage History." The lecturer will divide his subject into three parts: Those who write it; those who act in it; those who review it. The house and seats, already two hundred seats have already been sold to prominent actors, managers and critics.

—Tom Sawyer will be produced in Yonkers next Monday night, after which it will be played for two weeks in one-night stands. Miles and Barton thinking a trial trip desirable. Mollie Ravel will play the hero, assisted by Frank Lawton, J. E. Freeman, E. L. Walton, H. J. Gibson, Frank Corcoran, John Stauffer, Josie Dell, F. Woods, H. James, Henry Clarke, Louis Eldridge, Gustavus Ingersoll and Bertha Croighton.

—The Harbor Island Home at Mamaroneck, Westchester County, N. Y., offers special inducements to professionals who desire a pleasant place to spend the Summer vacation. It is delightfully situated on an island connected with the mainland by a bridge, and every sort of aquatic sport is obtainable within brief distance from the hotel. In bathing, fishing and sailing, the island is unrivalled. The house has been completely renovated this Spring. It is kept by T. T. Huntley, a veteran member of the profession.

—J. W. Randolph has undertaken the management of the Weston Brothers, who are about to leave minstrelsy and go on the road with a musical comedy. They were formerly of the minstrel team of Wood, Reading and the Weston Brothers. Sam Weston was the convulsively funny fat fellow of the quartet. Morris Weston possesses considerable dramatic ability, but it has had little chance to display on the variety or minstrel boards. The brothers are accomplished performers on a variety of instruments. They are especially famed for their comic solos, and are great vocalists of the comic order. In this musical comedy, which is not a mere sketch, the brothers take leave of burnt-cork for white-face.

—Miss Madder's manager is in New York, having closed a long season. "I have every reason to be satisfied with the result of my work this season," he says. "Whenever we have appeared Miss Madder has been warmly welcomed by her old friends and has made many new ones. The critics have most cordially praised both herself and her play. Caprice, endorsing emphatically the judgment of the New York press upon her opening here last August. Miss Madder is now in the West, enjoying thoroughly a much-needed rest. The route for next season is nearly all booked, though I have not yet settled my opening date. Miss Madder thought at one time of spending the Summer in Europe, but has decided to remain quietly at home at a little place she owns about eighty miles from Cincinnati. She will probably add a new play to her repertoire next year, but of that I may be able to speak more definitely when I meet you again."

—The professional matinee given at the Casino on Thursday last was a great success. Polly was well appreciated by the people present, among whom were noticed: A. M. Palmer, Theodore Moss, Maurice Grau, Edward Harrigan, Tony Hart, E. J. Buckley, J. C. Buckstone, Thomas Jefferson, Heinrich Conzel, John Wild, Robert C. Hillard, John Stetson, E. G. Gilmore, Alfred Thompson, W. A. Maltby, Ezra Kendall, Walden Ramsay, H. M. Pitt, Fred. De Belleville, John Duff, W. S. Rising, W. J. Florence and wife, Joseph Herbert Kelcey, Robert Mantell, Joseph Haworth, John A. Mackay, Osmond Tearle, John Gilbert, Edward Sotherr, Jules Levy, Maurice Strafford, Harry Edwards, Daniel Leeson, Henry E. Dixey, Herbert Gresham, Marshall Mallory, Tony Pastor, Gustave Amberg, Carl Herman, Thomas Whiffen and wife, Joseph Frankau, Harry Mann, Townsend Percy, W. J. Lemoyne, Mathilde Maddison, Paul Arthur, George W. June, Spencer Cose, Ernest Warren, Lillford Arthur, Cyril Scott, Legrand White, Kate Forsythe, Jesse Millward, Adele Meador, Emma Carson, Eva Garrick, Ida Bell, Louise Eldridge, Olga Brandon, Edna Courtney, Alice Harrison, Teresa Vaughn, Marion Elmore, Lotta, Sadie Martinot, Mae St. John, Marie Jansen, Lilly Post, Madeleine Lucette, Bertha Fisch, Amelia Somerville, Billie Barlow, Lillian Cleves, Jennie Yeaman, Nauda Harrisca, Marie Bockel and many others. Nearly every professional in the city was present, and circles and groups were formed on the roof-garden after the performance.

Opera co., an organization recently called into being and headed by Lizzie Gaffney, of this city, sang The Bohemian Girl with more pecuniary than artistic success, 16th. The chorus was ill trained and the principal amateurish beyond endurance.

New Haven Opera House (Horace Wall, manager): The ever popular Joseph Murphy paid a return visit 15th, 16th, and filled a profitable engagement, although the weather was scarcely conducive to theatricals.

Barnell's Museum: Katherine Rogers gave twelve performances last week, divided between Miss Moulton and Pygmalion and Galathea. The last-named was presented originally in this country by Miss Rogers, who gives a rather enjoyable interpretation. The All-Star Dramatic co. this week.

American Theatre (Press Eldridge, manager): A female show wound up the season last week. What the future of the house is to be in a question at present difficult to determine.

Items: Barnum is booked for 18th.—All sorts of stories are current as to the changes in theatrical management next season.—Flowers in abundance were received by Miss Gaffney from her friends Saturday night.

Waterbury.

Opera House (J. H. Cole, agent): Joseph Murphy and his popular company, 15th, 16th, and 17th. The opera house was completely filled and was an enthusiastic as ever.

Central Hall (Ira W. Jackson, manager): The New Orleans Minstrels gave a fine performance 15th to good business.

Meriden.

Meriden Opera House (T. H. Delevan, manager): McFadden's Sorites, 15th. D. Conroy, as McFadden, and M. Thompson, as Robin, were very funny. The piece was enjoyed by fair house. The Eglington Opera co., gave The Bohemian Girl 15th. Lizzie Gaffney, as Arline, was loudly applauded, and received many encores. Flora Barry, as the Gipsy Queen, shared the honors of the evening with Conroy as Devilhood. The piece was excellent. Fred Morrison's Von Arnsheim was vile. Slim house.

Arena. Van Amburgh's Circus, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th, to fair houses. Prof. Taylor, president, gave a fine exhibition. The egg-dance, by Mlle. Irena, showed wonderful memory and accuracy, and was one of the most attractive features of the show.

Thomaston.

Thomaston Opera House (Blakesley and Fenton, managers): Roberts' Esmeralda, co. played to a very small house 15th, but an entertainment little short of perfection. The leading parts were above criticism. Murray and Murphy, in Our Irish Visitors, June 11.

Items: Manager Roberts reports only a fair run of business. Closed Saturday, 16th, at 10 o'clock, Mass., cancelling a one-night stand to give time for rehearsing The Rajah, in which Willie Deaves plays a leading part, while Marion Russell will assume the title role. Expect to go to the theatre 15th at 10 o'clock. Drexel's Arch Street Theatre, Philadelphia. Has an offer from John Elliler to open his new Summer Garden in Pittsburgh.

Grand Opera House (John Hanna, manager): The Bohemian Girl, 15th, 16th, and 17th. The good house, 15th. Percy Cooper and Lizzie Gaffney in leading roles did good work. Remainder of the co. the worst I ever saw. Esmeralda, by Madison Square Theatre co., 15th. The audience was not very large, but everyone was enthusiastic. Each and all of the artists were rapturously applauded. Further comment is unnecessary.

Arena: Van Amburgh's circus to very large attendance, 15th. A good show under excellent management is the general verdict.

District of Columbia.

Albany's Opera House (John W. Albright, manager): Prince Methusalem was well presented by a good co., including Mary Beebe and Agnes Stone, last week, to good houses. This co. returns next week in The Merry War. This week, Jeanette Winston, Louise Searle and others, in The Queen of the Desert.

Ford's Opera House (John T. Ford, manager): The Dora Wiley Opera co. drew good houses in Mascotte and Olivette, last week. This week they present Estrella. Coup d'Etat.

Herzog's: This week a Union Square co. in Won at Last.

Dime Museum: The Sterling Dramatic co. in Uncle Tom's Cabin and The Danites, introducing trained dogs.

Florida.

Jacksonville.

Park Theatre (J. C. Burbridge, manager): The Bijou Opera co. returned and played, 15th and 16th, in Mascotte and Giorio-Giorla, respectively, finishing with Olivette 17th. Good houses. Adelaide Randall and Messrs. Hamilton and Pepper, were very good and much appreciated by the audiences. Kitty Rhoades Comedy co., is playing a return engagement (week of 18th) at the same place.

Item: Hugh A. Young has sold his interest in the Park Theatre to Colonel J. C. Burbridge, who for the present will carry on its management. Colonel Burbridge is one of Jacksonville's most prominent and enterprising citizens. Next season will begin a new era in theatricals here.

Georgia.

Savannah.

Savannah Theatre (T. F. Johnson, manager): The Bijou Opera co. presented Mascotte, Olivette, Giorio-Giorla, 15th, 16th, and 17th, to large and well pleased audiences. Although without chorus or orchestra, the co. consisting of eight artists, was better in many respects than larger co. with all the equipments. Adelaide Randall, who is well known to our theatre goers, quite surpassed herself in the rest of the co. were well up in their parts, and deserved much credit for the manner in which they sang here.

Atlanta.

DeGiv's Opera House (L. DeGiv, proprietor): The Milan Italian Opera co. presented Trovatore, Lucia, Faust and Marguerite, 15th, 16th, and 17th, to large and well pleased audiences. Although without chorus or orchestra, the co. consisting of eight artists, was better in many respects than larger co. with all the equipments. Adelaide Randall, who is well known to our theatre goers, quite surpassed herself in the rest of the co. were well up in their parts, and deserved much credit for the manner in which they sang here.

Illinois.

Jacksonville.

Strawn's Opera House (Frank C. Taylor, manager): Maude Atkinson co., 15th, week. The piece was presented in the house nightly. Gave the best of satisfaction.

Arena: Fursman's Show, 16th.

Rockford.

Gipsy Band (C. C. Jones, manager): The Hungarian Gipsy Band 15th, 16th, and 17th, to good houses. Fine musical performance. W. J. Scanlan, in Friend and Foe, to a fair house, 14th. Mr. Scanlan, in his catchy songs was repeatedly encored.

Galesburg.

Opera House (F. B. King, manager): Gus Williams presented On the Rink, to a large house, 15th, giving great satisfaction. Marie Antoinette was presented by home talent 14th, to good attendance. Romeo and Juliet (local) was given 18th, with Miss M. Bennett, of Boston, as Juliet. Large house; nearly all reserved.

Arena: Burr Robbins' Circus 15th, to a large audience. Thanks to Mr. Robbins for courtesies.

Quincy.

Opera House (P. W. Marks, manager): Berger and Enos' Galley Slave co., 15th, to fair audience. Rentfro's Pathfinders, 15th, Tucker, 25th, week.

Peoria.

Opera House (Lem H. Wiley, manager): T. W. Keene as Richard III, 15th, to a very large audience. The Theatre Festival, 15th, 20th and 25th, and matinee, was largely attended.

Indiana.

Indianapolis.

Grand Opera House (George A. Dickinson, manager): Draper's Uncle Tom's Cabin the house twice a day at rink prices. Arue Walker Dramatic co., week of 18th; Helen Desmond, week of 19th.

English's (M. E. English, proprietor): Theodore Thomas' Concert co. to best crowded house since Christmas—one night only, 15th. A very fashionable audience. All renditions excellent and all encored. Such a record sounds much as a certain treasurer's report: "Cash all paid in; all paid out." The Matlack Celebrated Case filled the week. The performance was quite a surprise to many who had seen the leaders in the same cast. The dressing was good and business excellent.

Museum: Owing to the sad fact that every house in town was playing at the museum prices, of course the Museum acted to a certain extent. The attraction on the stage was the second week (return) of the Keane co. They presented Solon Shingle. Nothing special in cario hall.

Zoo: Business has suffered from the general depression.

tion of the theatre mart. The show was only fair—like the house. The idea of running two performances, to buck against the Museum will probably cause Gilmore's worry.

Elbow Shots: Dollie Oberly will have a benefit soon.—Hon. W. E. English returned home last Tuesday. He has been away for several months; and became almost a stranger.—The Mexican Orchestra will stop off here on a western jump, and furnish two performances at Plymouth Church.—One of the bloodhounds in U. T. co., slipped a muzzle on Thursday and put a few new wrinkles in the coat of one of the Marks'. That dog would have felt very cheap if Marks had bit it in return.—The electric lights in the local theatres are great nuisances. The patrons of the houses do not care to wear goggles during the show.—Manager Sackett presented an elaborate silver water-set to the managers of the Catholic fair, to be raffled off. Sackett is a "trustler."—The Lorellas have played and are booked for five weeks in Chicago. It would seem that they had caught on to the idea of the television must have made a material improvement, for it did not draw here.—P. H. Turner, of the Lorellas, was in the city Saturday.—James Dickinson is in the city.—Madame Ada Heim is arranging a grand concert season.—W. E. English was thrown from a buggy Thursday night for several days.—Ed Bloom has "retired" from the Lorellas.—Marsh Adams, as noted in telegraph columns of last issue, died in this city Monday 15th at 6 A. M. The remains were interred in a vault at Crown Hill. The local lodge B. P. O. E. had charge of the funeral jump, and funeral services were played, "Old Black Joe" in a very touching manner. Sackett will run the Keane comedy co. in Rip Van Winkle in the Academy of Music at Cleveland in opposition to his own house. The Indiana Opera has cancelled date at English's.—Gilmore and Sackett are at points. At the time of the dissolution of the Gilmore and Dickinson partnership certain stage sets and scenery were left in the Park Theatre. Saturday Gilmore tried to replevin the scenery. Sackett, as lessee, refused. The last scene of the unhappy twain was a double-cut to an attorney's office.

Fort Wayne.

Masonic Temple (J. H. Simonson, manager): Four years ago Lawrence Barrett played Richelieu at one of the smallest audiences that ever congregated at a Fort Wayne Theatre, the receipts being less than \$40. Any unkind remembrance he may have retained must have been eliminated after the enthusiastic reception which with on the 9th, when he played Francesca da Rimini, he made a prominent hit in the part of Lanciotto, and was repeatedly called before the curtain. Louis James as Pepe, the justice, fairly won the honors of the night. F. C. Mosley, as Count Paolo, proved equal to the part. Marie Wainwright surprised everybody by her fine acting, and Rosa France captivated the audience by her pert sayings. Looking at the matter from any point of view it was the event of the season. Meats, as noted in telegraph columns of last issue, died in this city Monday 15th at 6 A. M. The remains were interred in a vault at Crown Hill. The local lodge B. P. O. E. had charge of the funeral jump, and funeral services were played, "Old Black Joe" in a very touching manner. Sackett will run the Keane comedy co. in Rip Van Winkle in the Academy of Music at Cleveland in opposition to his own house. The Indiana Opera has cancelled date at English's.—Gilmore and Sackett are at points. At the time of the dissolution of the Gilmore and Dickinson partnership certain stage sets and scenery were left in the Park Theatre. Saturday Gilmore tried to replevin the scenery. Sackett, as lessee, refused. The last scene of the unhappy twain was a double-cut to an attorney's office.

Kentucky.

Louisville.

Macaulay's Theatre (John T. Macaulay, proprietor): The Old World Gem co., a variety organization, gave a good specialty bill to fair business throughout the week. The people are all good, particularly the Edelco. The Macaulay's Theatre, a variety organization, gave a good specialty bill to fair business throughout the week. The people are all good, particularly the Edelco. The Macaulay's Theatre, a variety organization, gave a good specialty bill to fair business throughout the week. The people are all good, particularly the Edelco.

Grand Theatre (J. P. Whallen, proprietor): Closed on account of the disbanding of Kane's Minstrels. An Adams' Eden, 18th. The season is closed here, as the house is rented outright to the managers of the last named attraction. The season was not a successful one, notwithstanding every effort was made to popularize the house. Hoyt's Rag Baby, Atkinson's Peck's Bad Boy, Zoro, Devil's Auction and Michael Steward were called the success of the season. Manager Howard W. Hall, the house next season will be a class variety theatre, and will certainly make it a success. He has already commenced the necessary changes.

Items: Buffalo Bill is booked at the fair grounds June 1 and 2.—Doris' show had a very small attendance, 15th. It has been playing to continuous poor business. While here Doris settled a claim of \$20,000 of the Buffalo Courier Printing co., by giving a mortgage on his property. He has a very good show and deserves better success.

Iowa.

Burlington.

Grand Opera House (R. M. Washburn, manager): T. W. Keene in Richard III, 15th, to a fine audience. Since last seen here in the character, Mr. Keene has improved markedly. His acting, singing and dancing, much of his boisterousness, and many rough points in it have been smoothed down. His Richard may not be a great characterization, but it is certainly a remarkable achievement. His support was much to be desired for the past two or three seasons, and this time he has equaled. Harrison and Goulay, 15th, in their very funny skit to a house packed throughout. The shouts of laughter were incessant.

Marshalltown.

Woodbury Hall (L. C. Goodwin, manager): Woodbury Hall was occupied on the 15th by the Scanlan in his play, The Irish Minstrel. One of the largest and most fashionable audiences of the season lent him encouragement. I wish I could write nothing of him and his play but of the best; but as a critic, I am bound to write of and describe things as they actually are and not as I would wish they might be. With capabilities of a high order, Mr. Scanlan has brought forth plays not possessing any artistic merit, and such as leave the impression upon the average theatre-goer that in all things he is the same. His plays may put money in his pocket, but they do not raise him in the estimation of the educated patrons of the play-house. There is no reason, living honesty in this play, and it is utterly devoid of anything robust and healthy in the entire three acts—nothing even pleasing are the few voices of the star, who was frightfully hoarse and out of voice. 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The Usher.



Mean him who can! The ladies call him, sweet.
—LOVE'S LABOR'S LOSS.

As far as I could gather, the opinion seemed to be yesterday among those who intelligently discuss theatrical matters, that in leasing the Empire Theatre, London, as reported by cable, Bartley Campbell has done a very foolish thing. It is a large establishment, built to cater to the same class as the Alhambra. It is only adapted to leg-shows, burlesques or spectacular productions. A good deal of money has been dropped there by several English managers who have tried to run it, and the place is, moreover, not held in the highest esteem by persons who consider that a fast crowd of patrons militate against the respectability of a theatre. Leicester Square, the neighborhood in which the Empire is situated, is decidedly disreputable, being largely given over to the *demi-monde*.

What Campbell can want of this third-rate theatrical barn in one of the worst quarters of the British metropolis, is more than I, or any of his friends, can understand. In his cablegram he merely states the fact that he has taken the lease, without foreshadowing what policy he means to pursue. Campbell has only one piece at all adapted to the Empire, and that is *Clio*, which is to be given at Niblo's in August. Its chance for success here largely depends upon an earthquake scene. That effect will be stale in London, where it has been seen in Claudian, at Wilson Barrett's theatre. Not knowing positively what our enterprising dramatist's plans may be in regard to his latest acquisition, it would be unfair to characterize this move as a folly until he is heard from himself on the subject. When I asked Tom McDonough what he thought about the matter, he merely smiled and said: "Ask the answer of the stars."

Campbell is such a royal good fellow personally, and he has met with so much success, both as author and manager of a number of clever plays, that I regret to see him following that same will-o'-the-wisp that lured Haverly, the Frohmans, Brooks and Dickson and other once prominent theatrical operators into the whirlpool of disaster. Speculation is well enough for speculators pure and simple, over whose downfall little sentiment or sympathy is to be wasted; but a man like Bartley, who has made his money by hard work and perseverance, should take care not to drift into the irresistible current. No manager can afford to assume charge of more enterprises than he can give personal attention to. The Fourteenth Street Theatre, not to speak of his numerous travelling ventures, is quite enough to engage Campbell's undivided attention.

The audience at the Bijou on Tuesday night were disappointed with Dixey's performance of *Adonis*—and justly, too, for he merely walked through the part. They were unable to account for this strange indifference, because they did not know about the tragic drama in the East River of which the actor was an interested spectator. To read in yesterday's paper the sickening account of Robert Odium's terrific leap from the Brooklyn Bridge and the horrible death that punished his stupendous folly easily explains why the actor, who was an accessory to the feat and viewed the attempt from a tugboat nearby, was completely shattered that night.

Last week I referred with pleasure to the social honors that were being bestowed on Dixey by some of our best people, and commended the creditable ambition he had recently manifested in seeking in this manner to profit by his professional prosperity. The sincerity of that ambition one cannot help doubting on perusing the list of the companions of Dixey in that little excursion on the East River. Here are some of their names, with their respective occupations: Mr. Jere Dunn, sport; Mr. Paddy Ryan, prize-fighter; Mr. Muldoon, wrestler; Mr. Paul Boyton, tavern-keeper. There is no necessity for moralizing—the moral is too evident. Mr. Dixey will do well, in view of the unenviable notoriety he and the rest have acquired through their participation in this shocking occurrence, to give more time to cultivating his society friends in future and leaving the sporting fraternity to their own brutal pastimes.

The *Telegram's* appeal to the criminal courts to prosecute the people who abetted Odium in his crazy act on the charge of manslaughter is

ridiculous. While Dixey, Boyton and the rest were unquestionably guilty of a gross moral offence in aiding poor Odium's tragic exhibition, they do not come within the pale of the law. The Penal Code holds that any person who wilfully "advises, encourages, abets or assists another person in taking the latter's life is guilty of manslaughter in the first degree." But the men who encouraged Odium do not come under this category, because the swimmer had no suicidal intent, and his brutal assistants merely looked upon the experiment as a feat of daring. This lets them out of any criminal responsibility.

Milton Nobles, one of the most discriminating and honorable managers in the profession, told me something yesterday which is worthy of note as a precedent in similar cases that may arise. Two prominent members of his company, both under contract with him for next season, have for the past few weeks been playing on their own hook at cheap prices through territory that Mr. Nobles intends to cover in the course of his next tour. Having given the matter due consideration, he decided to discharge these people peremptorily, and they have received notice to that effect. Mr. Nobles bases his action on the just and reasonable ground that the actors in question have, without his consent, depreciated their commercial value by appearing at dime-museum prices in towns where he expected they would possess a certain drawing power the coming season. "I think every manager should set his face, whenever and however he can, against the ten-cent craze that is ruining legitimate theatrical business," says this gentleman. "I thought the case in point carefully over, and the result was the discharge of the people in question. Personally, I bear them the best of feelings, but I will not allow my business to be interfered with by their depredations. Both have drawn good salaries all the past season, and they have not the excuse of necessity to plead in extenuation of their conduct."

A suggestion comes to me from Mr. Alexander, of the Philadelphia Ledger Printing Company, which might be broached at the annual meeting of the Actors' Fund: It is that non-professionals be made honorary members of the association on payment of the regular dues, such members to have no voice in the management of the Fund and no claim upon its bounty. Mr. Alexander says that there are many of the laity, like himself, who are well-wishers of the Fund and the profession and who would be glad in return for honorary membership to help support this worthy institution. The idea certainly is worth considering. I do not think any objection could be urged against it.

The theatrical license-moneys paid into the city treasury under the new law on May 7 have not yet been distributed among the charitable institutions, and the Trustees are urging before the proper local authorities the superior claims of the Fund to a large share of these taxes. It is hoped that before the annual meeting takes place a favorable decision will be reached. Certainly, no charity has a better right to assistance from this direction. I believe the members of the Board of Apportionment are properly inclined in the matter. Indeed, there can be no opposition unless it comes from the Juvenile Delinquent Society's people, who tried their best to defeat the License-Moneys bill when it was recently before the State Legislature.

Ever since the run of *Adonis* began at the Bijou Amelia Somerville's estimate of her commercial value has been on the increase. When she started in she valued her services at \$40 a week. By means of gentle suggestions to the management she has continued since then to raise the ante until the sum of \$100 a week has been reached. Not satisfied with having touched three figures—probably for the first time in her stage-career—the merry little mountain girl the other day cried, like the insatiable Oliver, for "More!" But she is not to get it. The line was drawn at \$100, and when Miss Somerville persisted the management gave her notice that her services would be dispensed with after Saturday night. George K. Fortescue is now rehearsing the part. He will play it on Monday. In point of bovine obesity he will certainly outlive his fair predecessor, but I doubt if our male burlesque friend will prove so successful in other respects. Miss Somerville had considerable to do with the hit *Adonis* made at the outset, but she hasn't yet learned the truth of that ancient piece of wisdom, *quantum suf*.

That professionals as well as other people are economizing pretty extensively is shown by the falling off in the number who usually make a trip across the ocean during the Summer vacation. The steamship rates are lower than they have been—one line actually offering first-class passage over and back for \$75—but the expenses incidental to travel on the other side place a tour abroad beyond the means of many who formerly thought it to be the proper thing. As a consequence what money is spent on recreation will be spent at home. The landlords of our moderate-priced watering-places and inland resorts will see some of the money that formerly brought joy to the inn-keepers of other lands.

The Actors' Fund.

The monthly meeting of the Trustees, announced for last Thursday, was postponed for lack of a quorum. The Casino professional matinee and the benefit to L. J. Vincent, at Niblo's, absorbed the attention of managers. A special meeting is called for today (Thursday).

Effie Vaughn, Lettie Allen, F. D. Montague, Mrs. Selden Irwin, D. W. L. Van Deren, George Barr and M. C. Daly are recent accessions to the membership.

Relief account for the week ended Saturday, May 16:
Relief of suffering professionals..... \$115.00
Funeral of Abram Van Beaschoten of Wallack's Theatre..... 45.00
Bill for medicines in Brooklyn..... 15.68
\$175.68

There are now six patients in St. Vincent's Hospital—John de Bonay, John G. Steele, John Joell, William Cosgrove, Dennis Shea and Maude Stewart. All are in a fair way of recovery except the last-named, whose case is a rather sad one.

Mr. Baker received notice of Miss Stewart's illness and destitution on Monday morning. He found her in a small hall bedroom in Clinton Place. As soon as he saw her he recognized her, supplied pressing needs, and in the afternoon she was removed to St. Vincent's Hospital. Dr. Wildes had been attending her free, and it was only when her condition became alarming that he notified the Fund. The poor woman was without food—literally starving. A servant of the lodgings told Mr. Baker that she occasionally took some food to Miss Stewart surreptitiously—that this was the only food she had had for days. The poor woman had sold all her jewelry and clothes. Mr. Baker asked her if she had friends to whom he might send a message; but the almost speechless woman wearily shook her head in the negative and said: "You know what friends are, Mr. Baker." She was asked why she had not notified the Fund before. It was the old story—shrinking delicacy. Miss Stewart's disease is quick consumption. Under the tender care of the Sisters, and with pleasant surroundings, she is resigned to death, and calmly awaits the messenger.

Mrs. Rose P. Thompson, of Memphis, Tenn., sends an appeal to the Fund, and to the profession generally, for assistance. Mrs. Thompson is over seventy years of age, and is the widow of the late Manager W. L. Thompson. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson were for many years connected with the stock companies of Memphis. The couple came to America about forty years ago. Mrs. Thompson has no relations on this side, and has probably passed out of memory on the other. Her appeal is endorsed in a letter from Col. J. P. Keating, managing editor of the *Memphis Appeal*. The ravages of the civil war swept away Mr. and Mrs. Thompson's property. About a year ago a benefit was arranged for her, but it yielded almost nothing. During late years she has supported herself by teaching elocution. Although in the possession of her mental faculties, she is too weak physically to continue the work. The case will be acted upon by the Executive Committee today (Thursday).

An Inning for the Lyceum Pupils.

The long-talked-of performance by the School of Acting pupils took place at the People's Theatre on Tuesday afternoon. It was an invitation affair (badly managed in this respect), and the audience numbered about 250, including friends of the pupils, some managers, a few well-known actors and a sprinkling of society people. Among those present were Bronson Howard, Dr. Doremus and family, Judges McCarthy, Patterson, Smith and Gildersleeve, Managers Henderson of Jersey City, and McVicker of Chicago, Al. Hayman of San Francisco, Mrs. Louisa Eldridge, Louis Tiffany, Rev. Robert Laird Collier and Kathryn Kidder. The programme opened with The Cape Mail, interpreted by the following cast, all pupils:

Mrs. Preston, an old lady, blind..... Alice Sully
Mrs. Frank Preston..... Jennie Eustace
Surgeon Major Hugh Marsden..... C. H. Canfield
Mary Preston..... Mary Sanders
Mr. Quick, an old lawyer..... Walter C. Bellows
Bartie, a butler..... Homer Grauville

The pupils were rather amateurish, but as their work was light they pulled through in some shape, and severe criticism is not called for. Doing for the Best was much better done by the following:

Dick Stubbs..... Joseph Adelman
Harry, his son..... C. H. Canfield
Bill Hawkins..... Ernest L. Sterne
Mr. Parchment..... W. C. Bellows
Thomas, servant..... H. Grauville
Betty Stubbs..... Alice Sully
Jane..... Miss Sanders
Emily..... Jennie Eustace

Messrs. Adelman, Canfield and Bellows and Misses Sully and Sanders gave the most promise in their acting. Mr. Adelman and Miss Sanders were especially excellent.

The audience had evidently been selected with a view to kindly criticism, and the managers of the affair were not disappointed. Applause was generous, if not wholly deserved. The names given in the casts, with the addition of Helena Zachos, comprise the company that is to be sent on the road. The Summer round of the watering-places is to be called "a rehearsal tour." A light repertoire has been selected, and if the tour is successful a Fall season will be undertaken.

Madison Square Matters.

"My past season has been a very satisfactory one from every point of view," said Manager A. M. Palmer to a *MIRROR* representative the other day. "The Private Secretary was very profitable, and so great a hit has Sealed Instructions been that I intend opening with it next season. Mrs. Ver Planck's piece,

by the way, might be called a very solid success, for it has run with little advertising except the few lines in the daily papers. Not a single lithograph has been put out. Last week the standing-room sign was used every night but two. I shall take off the play the first week in June, and open with it at the Grand Opera House in Chicago on the 8th, for a season of three weeks, with the same cast that is playing in it here. When that engagement is over the company will take a rest for the Summer."

"Do you intend keeping the theatre open for a supplementary season?"

"There is a probability that there will be a season of farce comedy here with a company headed by John T. Raymond, who will play Pinero's *In Chancery* and several other pieces of that class; but it is still quite problematical. My regular season will open on Sept. 15, but the company has not yet been fixed in all its details. The people already engaged are J. H. Stoddard, W. J. Lemoyne, Maude Harrison, Miss Millward, Annie Russell, Mrs. Phillips and Miss Greenwald. I have a number of pieces in contemplation after Sealed Instructions has run its allotted course; but of these it would not do for me to speak at present."

A Badly Duped Company.

Some two weeks ago one J. B. Brown, a reputed actor, came to New York from Buffalo to engage a company to appear in a new play, *Civil Service Reform*, which was brought out in the latter city on May 11. In addition to their salaries, the people engaged were promised their fares to and from Buffalo and board for three days. J. C. Level, the manager, was represented by Brown to be thoroughly responsible. The company were even assured that they could draw money in advance on arrival at their destination, and left the city in as happy spirits as if they were going on a picnic.

Civil Service Reform was a flat failure—so flat that it only ran half the week. But it is hinted that the management had no intention of keeping the piece on the full week. By perseverance in dunning two or three members of the company managed to get a little money from Level. After the break-up Brown told the company that they must wait until Saturday for their salaries—that their contract would not be fulfilled until then. It is believed that through the efforts of John Meach, of the Academy, salaries were paid to three members of the company. Out of this money they paid their board and their railroad fares to New York. The unluckiest Level had procured round-trip tickets on the Erie road on credit, and up to Saturday had not paid for them. Level said that he had borrowed the little money he had paid out.

But the members of this badly duped company are not entitled to as much sympathy as would appear on the surface. Who was Level? Who was Brown? A stranger in sight said that a stranger several hundred miles off was thoroughly responsible, and they took him at his word. They should have insisted upon at least half salary in advance and upon the railroad tickets being placed in their possession. The bitter lesson recited here is repeated almost every day in slightly varying form; but there are few who heed it.

The Latest "Out."

There are those who have supposed that the climax of unprofitable ingenuity had attained its height in the idle gyrations of the roller-rink and attendance upon the wedding of a couple of midgets. The handsomest woman has been a conspicuous show at the dime museums, and the Vision of Fair Women in elegant pose has just vanished from the public view. Beauty has competed on horseback, in the lawn-tennis grounds and in the foot-race, and was supposed to have accomplished its extreme demonstrations.

Something remained for it to do to prove what old Dr. Johnson would have called the vacuity of all things, for we find it authentically recorded that beaming beauties frequently take part in what is described as a captivating entertainment.

Every attendant is provided with a clay pipe and a bowl of soap-suds. Soap bubbles are then in order, and the one whose bubble remains in the air the longest is the winner of the prize. It would confer a fame too brilliant to name names, but we may know that at the latest seance a blooming spinster blew a bubble that remained in the air three minutes and then landed on the bald pate of a magnate of the town. This is important, for it secured to the fair blower a neat little jewelry casket.

We seem to have in this novel and simple diversification an adumbration of the methods of men in more serious matters. It is the lot on the exchange, at the theatre, even in the church, for adepts and aspirants to see who can keep his bubble longest up.

With the broker it is railroad or other puffy stock; with the clergyman the windy discourse, at the theatre the well-blown sensational actor. To these performances lookers-on give interested attention and admire the rainbow taints of the rising ball, while the operator assures the public that it is the real thing, solid as the globe and sure to last. Therefore don't hesitate to invest in the expanding railroad bag, in the new church, or in the freshly organized theatrical star or combination, and make sure you cannot fail to secure a "neat little jewelry casket." Of the casket you may be confident, but as to its having anything in it, you may not be so confidently assured.

At any rate the new game is quite an expensive type of the Vanity of Human Wishes, and portrays very well the temper of our American communities, which must be amused if it takes even blowing bubbles to do it.

Charles Gayler, the veteran dramatic author, signed a contract the other day with Maurice Grau for a comedy in three acts for Mile. Aimee. The new piece is to be delivered on or before July 1. The terms are \$2,500 on delivery; \$2,500 more when the play is produced, and a royalty of \$25 for each performance so long as the piece continues to form part of Aimee's repertoire. Mr. Gayler has also completed an original local drama in five acts, entitled *Prod to Rights*, which will receive early production under the management of W. W. Tillotson of the Grand Opera House.

Professional Dances.

—Blanche Seymour has not danced since next season.

—Harrison and Goudy's new play, *The Creditors of the Lyceum Theatre*, is another meeting yesterday.

—Joseph Frank has returned to town after a successful season with *Zozo*.

—The Wallack company, under Charles Frohman, is going through *Temps*.

—Adelaide Langdon has signed to play *Frontenac* in Nanton at the Casino.

—Adolph Jackson, now with Joseph M. May 13 and 14, were poorly patronized.

—John A. Stevens will employ lady singers at the Grand Opera House, San Francisco.

—Fanny Davenport opens her *Fedora*, season of two weeks in San Francisco on June 1.

—The Madison Square travelling company returned from New Orleans yesterday morning.

—Frank Farrell had a benefit in New Orleans on Saturday night. It was a fair success.

—Charles Plunkett will appear in comic opera only next season. He is engaged to McCaul.

—Twenty weeks in the box stands have been booked by H. S. Taylor for Helen Danvray.

—It is rumored that Lawrence Barrett will have a financial interest in the American tour next season of Coquelin.

—C. W. Condoche has booked twenty weeks for The Willow Copse. Al Lipman has been engaged for the company.

—Barry and Fay's new play, *Dynamite*, was given a first production at St. Paul, on Monday night, and met with favor.

—Through absence of Mrs. Kate Cannon could not play at the Deloit (Miss) Grand Opera House on Monday night.

—The business of May Blossom at San Francisco does not continue up to the expectations built upon the opening week.

—Heinrich Corbell goes to Europe after the first few nights of Nanton. He has just moved into a new house which he has built upon.

—Frank Webb, at present musical director for J. K. Emmet, is at liberty for the Summer. His Emmet Orchestra can also be engaged.

—Harry Greenwall will arrive in New York about June 2 to book for theatres in Dallas, Waco, Houston, Galveston and San Antonio.

—Percy Shelby has written a play with the curious title, *One to Nothing*, being a burlesque upon the baseball and gymnastic craze.

—Fay Templeton's manager has cancelled all Northern dates and gone with his little prima donna to the Spanish Port, New Orleans.

—Jacob Rosenthal, business manager of the Grand Opera House, Cincinnati, has resigned his position.

—Helen Blythe and J. F. Brion are meeting with success in the leading parts of the Silver King, which they are at present playing through Canada.

—Amusement Hall, at Millersville, Pa., has been refitted and refurbished. Four hundred students are residents of the town during the college season.

—Business with the Corinne Merriamakers on the Pennsylvania circuit still continues very large. Their largest week closed in Harrisburg on Saturday night.

—Henry French desires to warn managers against the Wilbur and Hunter Dramatic companies, who are pirating Victor Danvers and other copyrighted plays.

—Vernona Jarboe, Harry Brown, Harry Richmond, Charles Turner, the Virginia Sisters and Carrie D'Angelo have been engaged for the Bluff Burlesque company.

—Library Hall is to be renamed at the opening of next season. Some more appropriate title will be selected, as the present name rather too much of a lyceum flavor.

—Gustave Amberg will play his *Thalia* company on the road for twenty-one weeks. He intended to go to Europe, but the prospect of a successful Summer season on the road changed his purpose.

—Manager Aronson has determined to keep something in readiness in case of any accident or failure. He has already selected an opera, called *Whit-Sunday* in Florence, to follow Nanton at the Casino.

—The Standard Theatre, St. Louis, will be continued next season at popular prices, with W. H. Smith as manager. It has become the favorite family resort of that city. The Thompson Opera company is now playing a fine engagement there.

—Boucicault's new play, *The Jilt*, is said to have had a successful production in San Francisco on Monday night. The veteran leaves for Australia on June 6, where he will play in the two leading cities, Melbourne and Sydney, for three months.

—H. W. Ellis has not sold his play, *Gotham*, to Dr. Callahan, of San Francisco; he has simply arranged with that gentleman to produce it in the city named. Dr. Callahan started for San Francisco last week with the MS. in his possession.

—Charles Reed, the Frisco minstrel, has been engaged by Haverly for six weeks at a very large salary. It is said that Reed has secured M. H. De Young's new theatre, the Alcazar, in San Francisco, where he will open with a new troupe next season.

—Richard Fitzgerald has received a cablegram from Lina and Vani accepting an engagement with the Howard Athenaeum company for next season. They are male and female eccentric dancers and tumblers, and are said to be very skilful and at the same time funny in their act.

—Thatcher, Primrose and West's Minstrels will close season on Saturday night. The troupe is by no means as strong as when it started out. Numerous abscessions of its best members have taken place. Of late frequent complaint has been made that these people's names have been retained on the bills without apology.

—Richard Fitzgerald is about to form an alliance with T. J. West, the well-known Liverpool manager and theatrical agent. The latter will rake Europe for novelties, and the former will place them in America. In turn the latter can agent will send attractions to the same terms. Mr. West has seen better days ely far eclipsing Thuma.

22, Des Moines, 23; Minneapolis, 25, 26; St. Paul, 28, 29, 30.
 BURGESS: Alexandria, Va., 21, 22.
 BILLY KERRAND: Chicago, N. Y., 18, week; Rochester, 25, week; Buffalo, June 1, week.
 CALIFORNIA: Cleveland, 28, week; Pittsburg, 25, week; Cincinnati, June 1, week.
 HENDERSON'S: Grand Rapids, Mich., 18, week; St. Louis, 25, week; Chicago, June 1, week.
 HAYES: Buffalo, 25, 26, 27.
 HENRY: Red Bank, N. J., 21; Long Branch, 22; Asbury Park, 23; Bordentown, 25; Burlington, 26; Mt. Holly, 27; Atlantic City, 28.
 KANE: Cincinnati, 18, week; Rochester, 25, week; LESTER AND ALLEN'S: Providence, 18, week; Newark, 25, week.
 SAWYER'S GEORGIA: Muskegon, Mich., 25, 26; Grand Haven, 27.
 T. P. W.: Lynn, Mass., 21; Chelsea, 22; Waltham, 23.

VARIETY COMPANIES.

BRYANT, RICHMOND, SHERMAN AND COVINE: Albany, 18, week; Paterson, N. J., 25, week; Brooklyn, June 1, week; N. Y. City, 8, week.
 CHARLES T. ELLIS: Brooklyn, 18, week.
 CHARLES FOSTER: Baltimore, 18, week; New Orleans, June 1, two weeks.
 DAVIES-DREW CO.: Lowell, Mass., 18, week.
 FURMAN CO.: Oswego, Kas., 22; Joplin, Mo., 23; Carthage, 25; Lamar, 26; Greenfield, 27; Springfield, 28.
 GRAY-STUBBINS CO.: Trenton, N. J., 18, week; N. Y. City, 25, week; Brooklyn, June 1, week.
 IDA SIDGONS MASTODONS: St. Paul, 18, week; Minneapolis, 25, week; Chicago, June 1, two weeks.
 LANE COMEDY CO.: Brockton, 18, week; Waterbury, Ct., 24, week; New Haven, June 1, week.
 LEONZO BROTHERS: New Haven, Ct., 18, week; Troy, N. Y., 25, week.
 LILLY CLAY'S ADAMLESS EDEN: N. Y. City, 18, week.
 PEOPLE'S NOVELTY CO.: Sandusky, O., 18, week; Pittsburg, 25, week.
 RENTZ-SANTLEY CO.: Minneapolis, 18, week—close.
 SILBON'S CUPID CO.: Buffalo, 18, week; N. Y. City, 25, two weeks.
 TONY PASTOR'S OWN CO.: Buffalo, 21, 22, 23; Cleveland, 25, 26; Detroit, 28.
 YANK NEWELL: Denver, 25, two weeks.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOWARTH'S HIBERNICA: Fall River, Mass., 20.
 MIACCO'S HUMPTY DUMPTY: Buffalo, 18, week.
 PROFESSOR GEORGE BARTOLOMEW'S EQUINE PARADOX: Cincinnati, 18, three weeks.
 TONY DENIER'S HUMPTY DUMPTY: Detroit, 18, week.
 ZERA SEAMON: Boston, 18, week.

CIRCUSES.

ADAM FOREPAUGH'S: Dayton, O., 21; Hamilton, 22; Richmond, Ind., 23; Indianapolis, 25; Muncie, 26; Anderson, 27; Kokomo, 28; Peru, 29; Logansport, 30; Chicago, June 1, ten days; Goshen, Ind., 15; Kendallville, 16; Kalamazoo, Mich., 17; Grand Rapids, 18; Reed City, 19; Manistee, 20; Flint, 21; Bay City, 22; E. Saginaw, 24; St. Louis, 25.
 BARNUM'S: Waterbury, Ct., 26; New Haven, 28; Lynn, Mass., June 24.
 BARKETT'S: Wichita, Kas., 26; New Bedford, 27; Denver, June 1.
 BUFFALO BILL: Chicago, 18, week; Fort Wayne, June 1, 2.
 BURR ROBBINS: Ottawa, Ill., 21; Streator, 22.
 COLLE'S: Athens, O., 14; Gallipolis, 15; Hillsdale, Mich., 22; Monroe, 23; Detroit, 25; Howell, 26; Ionia, 27; Stanton, 28; St. Louis, 29; Big Rapids, 30; Grand Rapids, 31; Muskegon, 2; Holland, 3; Hastings, 4; Charlotte, 5; Owasso, 6; Bay City, 8; E. Saginaw, 9; Ludington, 10; Manistee, 11; Cadillac, 12; Traverse City, 13; St. Ignace, 15; Mackinac, 16.
 COUP'S EQUESTRIAN: Baltimore, 11, two weeks; Washington, 25, week; Baltimore, Pa., June 1, week.
 CORTANA'S WILD WEST: Sedalia, Mo., 22, 23; Monticello, 25; Paris, 26; Hannibal, 27; Louisiana, 28; Quincy, Ill., 29, 30; Macomb, June 1; Galesburg, 2; Monmouth, 4; Burlington, Ia., 5, 6.
 DORIS: Clinton, Ia., 24; Winona, Minn., 28.
 LEE-SCHUBERT: Milton, Pa., 21; Turberville, 27; Watstown, 23; Muncie, 25; Tivoli, 26; Jamestown, 27; La Porte, 28.
 PULLMAN: Sharon, Pa., 21; Greenville, 22; Meadville, 23; Robinson's, Kas., City, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30.
 SELLS: Dubuque, Ia., 25; Freeport, Ill., 26; Rockford, 27; Elgin, 28; Kenosha, Wis., 29; Milwaukee, 30; Appleton, Wis., June 1; Ripon, 2; Beaver Dam, 3; Portage, 4; Neenah, 5; Sparta, 6; Winona, 9.
 VAN AMBURGH'S: Pawtucket, R. I., 21; Uxbridge, 22; Worcester, Mass., 23; Milford, 25; Natick, 26; Lynn, 27; Salem, 28; Newburyport, 29; Haverhill, 30; Lawrence, June 1; Woburn, 2; Lowell, 4; Nashua, N. H., 4; Manchester, 5; Concord, 6.
 WALLACE'S: Augusta, Ky., 22; New Richmond, O., 23.

Rehan Secures A Night Off.

Many anxious bidders laid siege to Augustin Daly to secure his very successful comedy, *A Night Off*; but the young manager, Arthur Rehan, of 7-20-8 and Passing Regiment fame, bore off the prize. In conversation with a MIRROR reporter, Mr. Rehan said:

"I think *A Night Off* will suit provincial audiences much better than any of the other Daly successes. I will spare no expense in duplicating the success at the home theatre. There was hot competition in securing the play, and I fully realize the value of my victory."

"You will need a more than ordinarily good company—"

"I am proceeding slowly in selecting the company. In fact, I have made but one engagement so far—Harry Hotto. I have not definitely fixed upon the date of opening, but it will probably be the first week in September. I have secured Fair week, Sept. 14, in Toronto."

Mr. Rehan is an energetic young manager, and has been very successful in piloting Mr. Daly's adaptations on the road. His season with 7-20-8 recently closed in Brooklyn.

Supreme Authority.

Some time ago THE MIRROR published an article showing that the dramatic element in its universality pervaded all the pursuits, aspirations and performances of men.

In proof of this averment we may now refer to the labors on the Revised Old Testament, published in London last Friday, the 16th instant, and of which the London *Times* of last Saturday furnishes a resumé. The work has employed for more than ten years the talent, scholarship and resources of the first scholars of the world, including a large contingency of the best biblical learning of America.

The point to which we now address ourselves is that among the changes introduced are these that "The several days of the creation are made more prominent by breaks of a line between the verses. This expedient has enabled the revisers to make use of the dialogue from and to show the dramatic characters of the Song of Songs, the first chapter of which, for example, is divided into speeches."

As further illustration we are advised that "a striking improvement is the printing of all poetical passages in poetical form."

These are, in a certain sense, triumphs for the drama and the imagination and admits the Bible as recognizing the æsthetic function and the exercise of the literary and ornamental faculties as entirely within the true sphere of orthodox and cosmic culture.

Thus it would appear that the grand circuit of the drama and dramatic literature begins with the creation of man. So that every dramatist who lifts the pen may feel that he is laboring with a divine sanction.

It is in something of this spirit that Shakespeare is called divine and his works denominated, in no incorrect spirit, the lay Bible. We need not now wonder at the close study bestowed on the sacred book by the Bard of Avon and that his plays abound with phrases, sentiments and illustrations drawn from the holy text.

Without ruling out any other good influence, we cannot but allow that of all books the Bible has supplied inspiration to more art, music, drama and literature than all works of (so accounted) merely human origin.

Thus has celestial power passed into the mind of man and confirmed the primal announcement that he was made in the image of God. We may therefore partly claim that our own special guild, actors and playwrights, are brought within the laws and privileges of the highest jurisdiction.

STAGE STORIES.

V.

MY CHUM FRED.

Ten years ago the town of L— was not of the importance that it is now. There was no railway, with each train bringing its load of passengers. It had no Grand Opera House, and it was only when a stray travelling company came that way that its inhabitants had an opportunity to see a play. On such occasions the whole town was thrilled with excitement. Everybody was telling everybody else that the "play-actors" had come, and were going to stay two nights. On one of these events, my friend, Frederick Barker, came rushing into my room shouting excitedly:

"Harold, my boy, good news! The actors are here and I've got a couple of tickets. Of course you'll come, old man." I readily consented, for I was very anxious to see some real acting. I had read Shakespeare and had even tried my hand at writing a small play. It was therefore with eager interest I awaited the coming of the evening. Fred was in high glee all day. He had seen a play once or twice before, and ever since had had a longing "to go on the stage." At last the eventful hour arrived, and we started for the theatre—

or, rather, for the building that bore that name. It was with a feeling of wonder and mystery that I entered the temple of Thespis. This was supplemented by delight as the music ceased and the curtain rose on the first act of Hamlet. Fred was beside himself with feverish excitement, and every now and then, as some telling point was reached, he would burst into almost frantic applause. The play-scene in particular impressed him, and at that point where Hamlet runs up to the King and delivers the speech beginning, "He murders him in the garden for his estate," his feelings quite carried him away.

When the curtain fell on the final scene there were tears in his eyes, and we left the theatre with a melancholy feeling. For days and weeks he would talk of nothing else. He was always harping on entering the profession. As for myself, I was determined to follow up dramatic authorship, and every spare moment found me either reading or planning plays. Fred learnt all the great speeches of Shakespeare, and day after day would come to my room, recite them, and ask me what I thought of his attempts. I encouraged him, for if ever a young fellow had talent, he had. In return he used to read passages from my work, and pronounced them excellent. Thus the months passed. Often we would take long rambles out into the country, and there, where all was quiet, we would build our castles in the air. There we made plans for the future; there we confided to each other our hopes and ambitions, and time after time we swore eternal friendship.

Those were happy days, indeed; days that were spent in bright dreams of the future; days when we were all fire, all ambition, all genius. But they have passed forever. How few of all our hopes have been realized! Of all the things that we dreamed in that happy, golden time, how few have come to pass! One day, as we were nearing home after our usual walk, deep in meditation, Fred suddenly said: "My mind is made up. I can't stand this any longer. I shall start for New York within a week, and there try and get a position in one of the stock companies in that city."

"But what will your people say?" I asked.

"They, of course, will not agree to it," he answered.

"And you will leave them without their consent?"

"Yes; I will leave everything to win fame and fortune—and you will come, too? Once in that great city, and we have the world at our feet. I shall get an engagement; we can live together and work together—you at your writing and I at my art. You will write a great play, get it accepted; I can appear in it. It will be a success, and the world will ring with both our names."

I was silent for a moment, buried in thought—thinking of the home I should leave behind if I went, and the pain it would give my parents to part with me. Seeing that I did not answer, he went on:

"Come, think of all that lies before us. We are young, ambitious and with more than ordinary talent. Why should we bury our lives in this country town, where we shall never be heard of, and where we shall only exist—you can't call it living. Stay here, and we shall be huddled into oblivion; leave here, and we shall hear our names spoken by every one. Say you will agree to go with me; make up your mind to win the prize, and half the battle is won. Your answer is—"

"Yes, I will go. As you say, what field have we for our work here? Here all our efforts will be wasted; here we have no one who thinks as we do; here the extent of our work can be summed up in one word—business. To New York, then, say I, and as soon as possible."

"Bravo! That's like your old self. When shall we start?"

"To-day is Tuesday. Suppose we go next Monday?"

"Monday it is, then," said he.

When I arrived home I went to my room and tried to think calmly of the turn events had taken. I got my things together, ready for my departure. But I could think of nothing except that I was about to go away; about to leave the only home I had ever known; about to leave the father and mother who had been so kind, and who would be broken-hearted when they heard of my decision. Once or twice I was nearly giving up the whole idea, but the thought of the new life and of the fame which I already saw in the distant future decided me to go, come what might. I told my father and mother of my project. At first they would not listen to it; but when they saw I was determined they reluctantly consented. The remaining time was spent in visiting all the old familiar spots and taking leave of them for years—perhaps forever. Fred and I only met twice before the day appointed to depart. Each time he was as hopeful as ever. The prize to him seemed already won. He already saw himself the recipient of overwhelming applause. Failure he never once thought of, and if by any chance I alluded to such a result, laughter was his only reply. So quickly did the days pass that Monday arrived almost before I was aware of it. Then came the parting. Again and again my mother implored me not to go; but I was resolved, and nothing could turn me from the course I had mapped out. So farewells were said amid sighs and tears. Then all was bustle, and at last we found ourselves in the car that was whirling us on at a lightning pace to the great city: whirling us from all we held dear; whirling us from those we might not see for years—or never. We sat for a long time in silence, each occupied by his own thoughts. Fred was the first to speak:

"Cheer up, old man. Our prospects are too bright to be shadowed by useless speculations. We are now going to begin a new life. Time enough to repine when we have occasion."

He kept on in the same strain, and by the time the train steamed into the depot I was as light-hearted as he. We engaged two rooms in a house in one of the uptown streets, in the vicinity of the theatres, and after seeing to our baggage and ordering dinner for six o'clock, we journeyed forth to take our first look at the city.

What a new world was opened up to us in that first walk! How grand everything seemed—grander even than we had dreamed of. After walking about for some time, Fred said:

"Glorious, isn't it? How different from the dead-and-alive place we have left. Here, with our ability, we cannot fail to attain the prize we covet."

"It is indeed a wonderful city," I replied.

"Everybody seems to be absorbed in his own affairs."

With the conversation continuing in this strain we walked on until we arrived at our rooms.

During the week we visited two or three of the theatres, and were surprised how superior everything was conducted in them to the one of our own town. With each visit our enthusiasm increased, and we became more determined than ever to work hard and so accomplish our task. On the Monday Fred went out to see some of the managers, and while he was away I made a beginning on my play. I had thought of a strong plot, and if I could only succeed in working it out I felt sure it could not be otherwise than a success. Fred came home in the afternoon and said he had had an interview with a manager, and was to see him again to-morrow. He was full of hope and was almost certain of obtaining an engagement. Nor was he disappointed. The next day the manager engaged him at what seemed to us an enormous salary. He was to begin rehearsals at once. This was a stroke of fortune we had not expected so soon, and it lent us new vigor. Fred was away three or four hours every day, during which time I wrote away steadily at my play, and had the satisfaction of seeing it grow slowly but surely. I used to submit it each day to Fred, and he used to make suggestions and give advice as to altering those speeches which were too long. For where in the play ever written that did not require cutting? About two weeks after he had been engaged Fred came home from rehearsal and said:

"We open to-morrow week, and then I shall make my first appearance. Wish me luck."

"I wish you success with all my heart. Can I help you in any way?"

"Yes, you can—that is, if you can spare the time. I should like to read over the part to you."

"Certainly; begin at once."

Accordingly he set to work, and when he had finished I exclaimed:

"Bravo! It's splendid; your success is assured already."

"Thanks, very much," he replied; "and now suppose we take a little walk; I think we deserve it."

I agreed, and we were soon strolling up Broadway toward Central Park. Our conversation was chiefly of the coming first-night. I asked him if anybody had said anything to him about his reading of the part, and he told me that in the morning the manager had spoken very favorably to him; urged him to work hard at his profession, and he would be sure to get on. Of course I was delighted to hear this, and said so. We passed the time up to the day of the production much in the same manner. The much talked of night at last arrived. Fred had procured me a ticket, and I was there as soon as the doors were open. To say I was excited is to convey but a faint idea of my feelings. I could hardly sit still in my seat. Presently the curtain rose and the play began. Fred was not in the first act; consequently it did not interest me much, and I was glad when it was over. Then, after a wait of fifteen minutes, the curtain once more ascended. By this time my excitement was at fever-heat. But it would be tedious to my readers to try and describe the scene as I felt it—suffice it to say that Fred made a complete success. As soon as the curtain fell I hurried round to the stage-door. Fred soon came out, and after a hearty congratulation from myself and several others we made for home.

"If I am as successful in my first attempt as you have been, our dreams will become realized sooner than we expected," I said as we entered our rooms.

"Of course you will be successful," he answered, cheerfully. "If the next two acts are as good as the first two, it will take the city by storm."

"Thanks for your encouragement," I replied. "With your advice I think I can manage to do that."

"Certainly, my boy; and then who can say we did wrong in coming here to try our luck?"

After once more expressing my delight at his success, we retired for the night. I was

up almost as soon as it was daylight, working at my play, and before Fred came down had added to it considerably. After breakfast we went to the theatre, and Fred introduced me to the manager. I told him I was writing a play, and asked him if he would kindly spare the time to read it when it was finished. He said he would be pleased to do so, and if he could help me in any way would be glad of it. I thanked him for his kindness. Fred said he had made an appointment with a brother actor, so I returned home to my work. Thus the weeks passed, and my play was nearly finished. Fred had appeared in a new piece with the same success that attended his first effort. One morning, two days before my play was completed, Fred came into the room where I was writing hurriedly and said:

"Bad news, old boy."

"Not from home?" I asked, eagerly.

"No, thank heaven—not from home. You know I have a near relation in England. Well, he is very ill—perhaps dying, and he wishes me to go to him."

"And you are going?"

"Yes; there is a ship sails to-morrow, and I go with her. But before I go I want you to promise me one thing."

"Certainly—anything—what is it?"

"I want you to promise that if Manager B— reads your play and accepts it, you will not let it be produced until I return. Do you promise?"

"With all my heart. Were it a success I should be robbed of half my joy if you weren't here to share it with me."

"Thanks," he said, and I fancied that I saw a shadow pass across his face. "I am going up stairs to get my trunk ready. I have no time to lose."

"Can I help you in any way?" I asked.

"No, thank you; I have only a few things to put together," he answered, and left the room.

We spent that evening in talking of his coming voyage, in calculating how long it would be before he could return. On retiring for the night he pressed my hand and made me promise again not to produce my play before he came back. Next morning I went down to see him off, and as the vessel glided from the quay he waved his hand and said smilingly:

"Don't forget your promise."

"Never fear," I replied. I stood watching the great ship gradually recede for some time and then turned sadly away. I hurried back to my rooms, wondering when next we should meet—and how. I could not settle down to work that day, although my play only needed a few hours' work to finish it. Two days afterward I penned the last lines. I was anxious to have it read, so I bent my steps toward the theatre. On arriving there I found the manager away and would not return for more than a week. I was disappointed, but thought perhaps it was for the best, and spent the time in going over my work and improving it all I could. One day, after Fred had been away about two weeks, I went to the theatre and found the manager in. He received me kindly, and said he would read my play that very day. It was agreed that I should call the next morning and hear what he thought of it. Accordingly, on the morning, I was there punctual to the minute—so was the manager. As I entered the room he rose up quickly, and coming toward me shook me warmly by the hand, saying:

"Well done, young man. You have written a success."

"You have read my play then, sir?" I asked with eagerness.

"Yes, I have, and am much pleased with it. There is only one alteration I should suggest, and that is the title."

I said I was willing to make that alteration, and asked him why, to which he replied:

"Because there is a play being rehearsed in London having the same name. But stay," he went on, "I have a better idea. Do you object to a voyage to England?"

I thought of Fred, and answered quickly:

"No, sir. In fact, I should be delighted to go."

"Well, then, my idea is that you go to London and see the play. If it is as good as yours, why, then you will have to change the title."

After a little more talk, in which he gave me some good advice, it was agreed that I should sail at once.

I arrived in London the very day the play was to be produced. I hurried to the theatre and reserved a seat, and then went to my hotel and waited the coming of the evening. The doors of the theatre had hardly been opened before I was in my seat. The time between the opening of the house and the first act seemed unusually long. Presently the music ceased. The curtain rose—what did I see? The scene was the same as the one that opened my play. Yes, and there were my characters moving about. I could not believe what I saw. The play all through was like mine. The very words were the same. Still the terrible truth did not dawn on me. At last the curtain descended on the final situation—exactly as in my play. The audience was enthusiastic and called loudly for the author. I sat as one in a dream. Again and again I heard the call for the author. Ah! the curtain moved, he was coming. In a minute he was before the curtain. Great heaven! who did I see? There, bowing and smiling, was Fred. He who had sworn eternal friendship; he with whom I had shared all my hopes; he who had watched my work grow with me—yes, he it was. He had stolen my play. I saw through it all now. The cablegram from London—the dying relation—the promise extorted from me not to produce my play until he returned. I became dizzy and staggered from the theatre like a drunken man. As I felt the cool night air fanning my cheeks I revived. I walked back to my hotel, went right up to my room, and flung myself on the bed—but not to sleep. There was no sleep for me that night. I resolved to return to America at once and go back to my old home. I caught the first train to Liverpool, and in two days was on my way back to New York. The voyage seemed interminable, but it came to an end, as all things must. As soon as I landed I hastened to the manager who had been so kind, and told him the whole story. He sympathized with me, and said he would do all he could to help me in the affair. I thanked him, but told him that it was useless. I told him I had made up my mind to return to my native town. The next day saw me on my way to L—. How glad I felt as caught sight of my native hills: How innocent everything looked. So different from the cities of deceit and vice I had left. My dream was ended. I relinquished all aspirations to fame as a dramatic author, and sought forgetfulness in other pursuits. I heard that Fred's father and mother had both died within a week. I have never heard of him since.

S. B.



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